

LAUDES DEI



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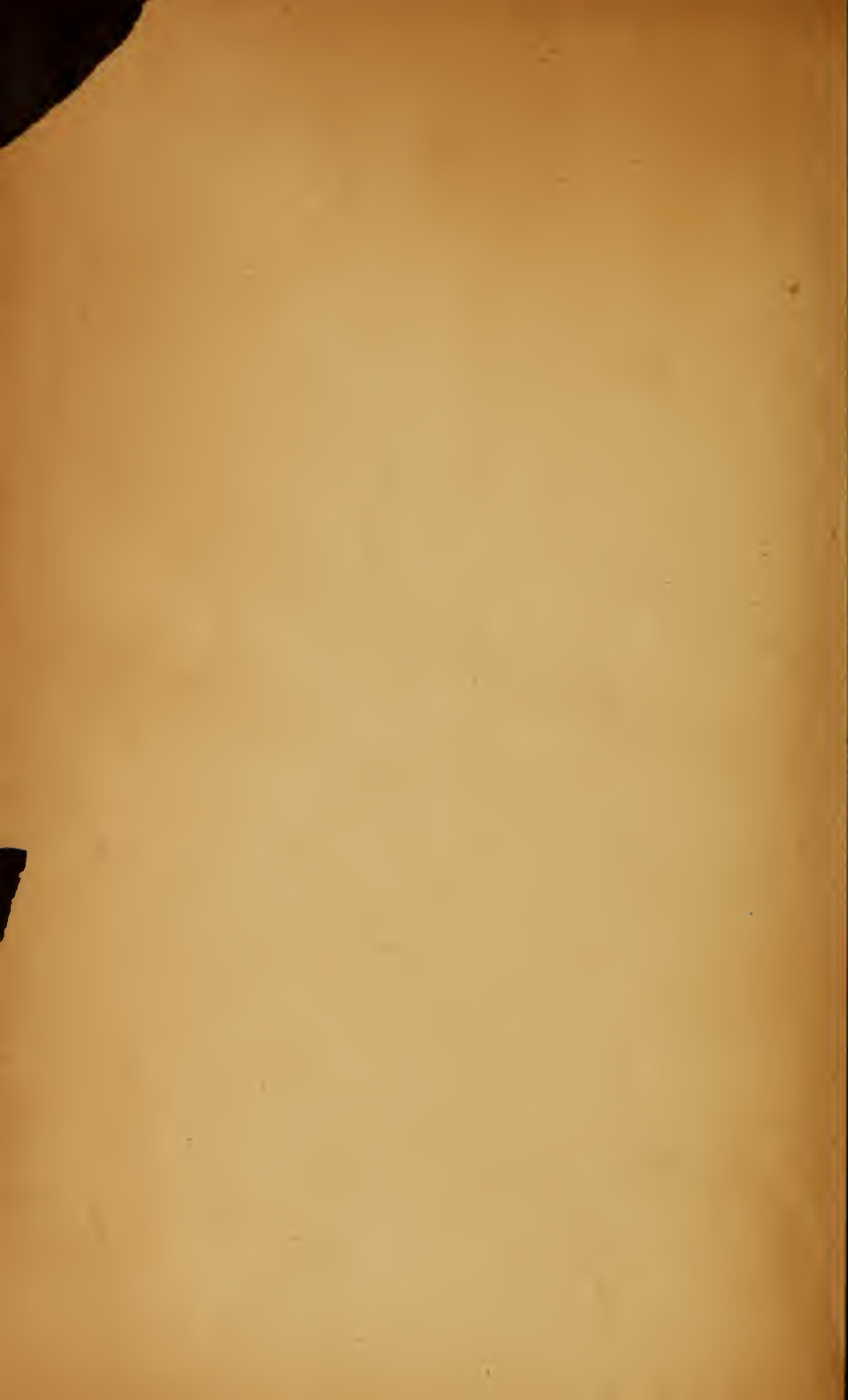
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# LAUDES DEI

A HYMNAL  
FOR CATHOLIC  
CONGREGATIONS

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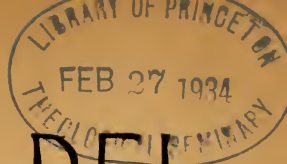
COMPILED BY

SAMUEL A. BALDWIN,



PUBLISHED BY  
THE AUTHOR,

AT 21 W. FIFTH STREET,  
ST. PAUL, MINN.



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THE author's purpose has been to compile, at a price within the reach of all, a book adequate to the needs of churches having congregational singing. In accomplishing this object care has been taken that every hymn should be available for ordinary use.

For all hymns for special occasions, translations of the liturgical hymns of the Church have, as far as possible, been used. More than one-third of the book is of this character. To these have been added hymns from the best modern sources, of which several from such well-known writers as Cardinal Newman and Father Faber appear in a hymn book for the first time.

The greatest difficulty has been to find fitting, and at the same time pleasing and singable music. Old melodies have been largely employed, many of which have been sung in the Church for centuries, as well as the best that could be found of recent production, both European and American, with a certain number of original tunes written as necessity demanded.

THE AUTHOR.

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- L. M. (long metre)—Nos. 2, 17, 20, 25, 28, 38, 67, 69, 70, 75, 80, 107, 116, 119, 128.
- L. M., 6 lines (or 8s. 6 lines)—Nos. 1, 27, 35, 36, 52, 71, 77, 81, 101.
- C. M. (common metre)—Nos. 9, 12, 49, 73, 85, 86, 88, 89, 97.
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- 7s., 4 lines—Nos. 23, 39, 87, 95.
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- 7s. D.—Nos. 15, 22, 94.
- 7s. and 6s. D.—Nos. 3, 16, 18, 24, 44, 48, 53, 58, 68, 110, 111, 112, 113.
- 8s. and 6s.—Nos. 30, 46, 51.
- 8s. and 7s.—Nos. 5, 37, 63, 96.
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# HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

## ADVENT.

I.

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

Ss. 61.

*Well marked, not too fast.*

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive  
Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un -  
til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re-joice! Em -  
man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el! (A - men.)

2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave. Rejoice! etc.
3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here,  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight. Rejoice! etc.
4. O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery. Rejoice! etc.
5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might!  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe. Rejoice! etc. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 12th Cent.

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# ADVENT.

## 2.

### CREATOR OF THE STARRY HEIGHT.

L. M.

From Gounod; Arr. by Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Cre - a - tor of the star - ry height,  
 2. Thou grieving that the an - cient curse  
 3. Thou cam'st the Bride - groom of the Bride,

Thy peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing light,  
 Should doom to death an u - ni - verse,  
 As drew the world to ev' - ning tide;

Je - su, Re - deem - er, save us all,  
 Hast found the med' - cine full of grace,  
 Pro - ceed - ing from a Vir - gin shrine,

And hear Thy ser - vants when they call.  
 To save and heal a ru - in'd race.  
 The spot - less Vic - tim all di - vine. (A - men)

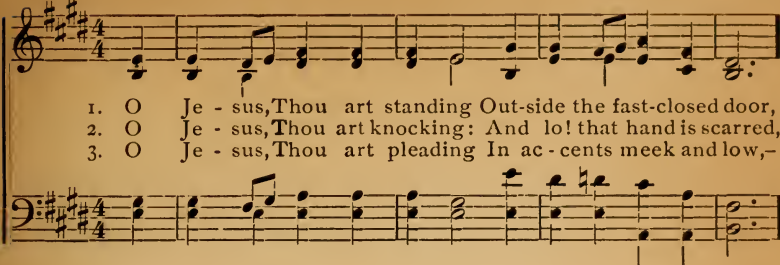
4. At Whose dread Name, Majestic now,  
 All knees must bend, all hearts must bow,  
 All things celestial Thee shall own,  
 All things terrestrial, Lord alone.
5. O Thou whose coming is with dread  
 To judge the living and the dead,  
 Preserve us, while we dwell below,  
 From ev'ry insult of the foe.
6. Laud, honor, virtue, glory be  
 To God the Father; Son, to thee;  
 And to the Holy Paraclete,  
 Now and through ages infinite. Amen.

For Latin words see Creator Alme Siderum.

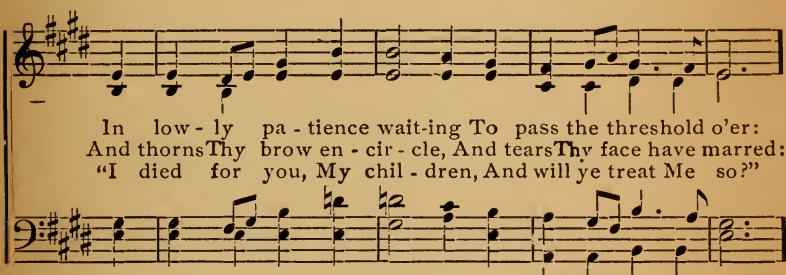
3.

## O, JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

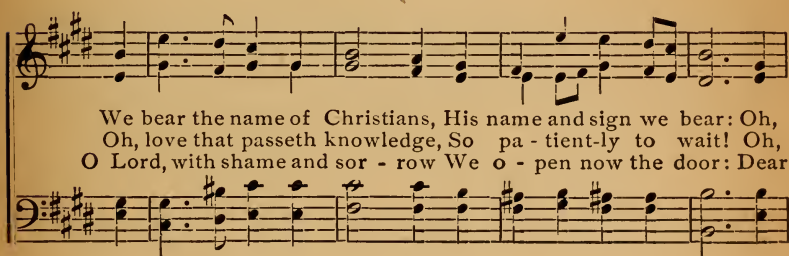
7s, 6s. D.



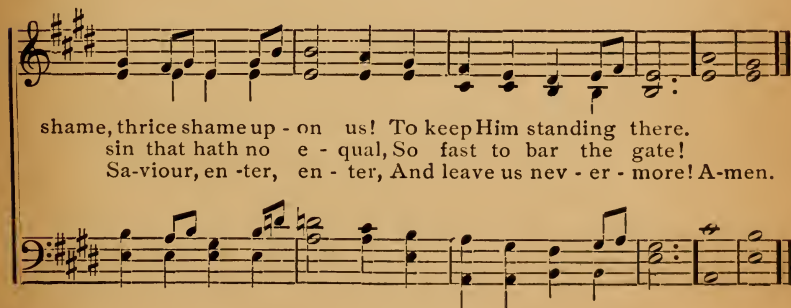
1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,  
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low,-



In low - ly pa - tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er:  
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:  
 "I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"



We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear: Oh,  
 Oh, love that passeth knowledge, So pa - tient-ly to wait! Oh,  
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door: Dear



shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him standing there.  
 sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
 Sa-viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more! A-men.

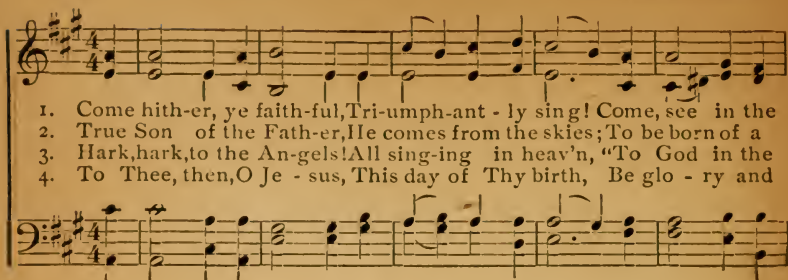
# CHRISTMAS.

## 4. (a)

### COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL.

P. M.

Adeste Fideles.



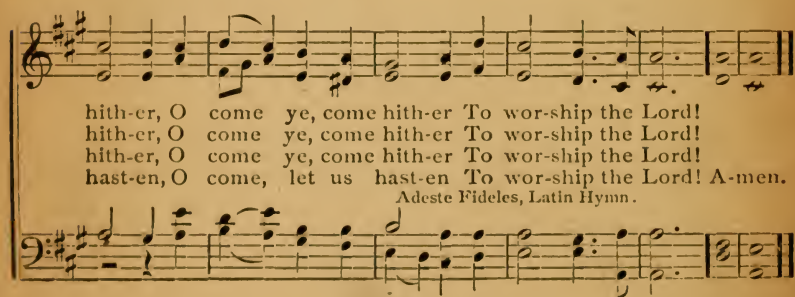
1. Come hith-er, ye faith-ful, Tri-umph-ant - ly sing! Come, see in the  
 2. True Son of the Fath-er, He comes from the skies; To be born of a  
 3. Hark, hark, to the An-gels! All sing-ing in heav'n, "To God in the  
 4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, This day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and



man-ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le-hem hast - en, With  
 Vir - gin He doth not de - spise. To Beth - le-hem hast - en, With  
 high - est All glo - ry be given!" To Beth - le-hem hast - en, With  
 hon - our Thro' heaven and earth; True Godhead In-car - nate! Om-



joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hither, O come ye, come  
 joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hither, O come ye, come  
 joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hither, O come ye, come  
 ni - po-tent Word! O come, let us hast-en, O come, let us



hith-er, O come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord!  
 hith-er, O come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord!  
 hith-er, O come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord!  
 hast-en, O come, let us hast-en To wor-ship the Lord! A-men.  
 Adeste Fideles, Latin Hymn.

# CHRISTMAS.

## 4. (b)

### ADESTE FIDELES.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Adeste fideles,<br/>Læti triumphantes,<br/>Venite, venite in Bethlehem.<br/>Natum videte<br/>Regem angelorum.<br/>  : Venite adoremus:   <br/>Venite adoremus Dominum.</p> <p>2. Deum de Deo<br/>Lumen de lumine,<br/>Gestant puellæ viscera,<br/>Deum verum</p> | <p>Genitum, non factum.<br/>Venite, etc.</p> <p>3. Cantet nunc Io<br/>Chorus angelorum,<br/>Cantet nunc aula cœlestium.<br/>Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.<br/>Venite, etc.</p> <p>4. Ergo qui natus<br/>Die hodierna,<br/>Jesu tibi sit gloria.<br/>Patris æternæ verbum caro factum.<br/>Venite, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

## 5.

### COME YE LOFTY, COME YE LOWLY.

SS, 7s.

"O sanctissima." Sicilian Melody.

1. Come, ye lof - ty! come, ye low-ly! Let your songs of gladness ring;  
2. See, in Mary's arms re - po-sing, Christ, by highest heaven adored;

In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King.  
Come, your cir - cle round Him closing, Pious hearts that love the Lord! (Amen.)

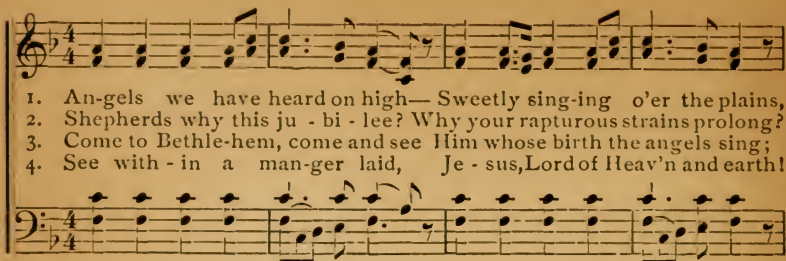
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| <p>3. Come, ye poor! no pomp of station<br/>Robes the Child your hearts adore;<br/>He, the Lord of all salvation<br/>Shares your want, is weak and poor.</p> <p>4. Come, ye gentle hearts and tender!<br/>Come, ye spirits keen and bold!<br/>All in all, your homage render,<br/>Weak and mighty, young and old!</p> | <p>5. High above a star is shining,<br/>And the wise men haste from far;<br/>Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining<br/>For you all has risen the star.</p> <p>6. Let us bring our poor oblations,<br/>Thanks and love and faith and praise<br/>Come, ye people! come, ye nations!<br/>All in all, draw nigh to gaze. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|



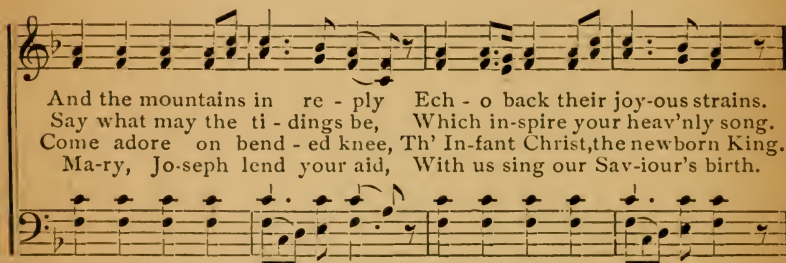
# CHRISTMAS.

6.


## ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD.



1. An-gels we have heard on high— Sweetly sing-ing o'er the plains,  
 2. Shepherds why this ju - bi - lee? Why your rapturous strains prolong?  
 3. Come to Bethle-hem, come and see Him whose birth the angels sing;  
 4. See with - in a man-ger laid, Je - sus, Lord of Heav'n and earth!



And the mountains in re - ply Ech - o back their joy-ous strains.  
 Say what may the ti - dings be, Which in-spire your heav'nly song.  
 Come adore on bend - ed knee, Th' In-fant Christ, the newborn King.  
 Ma-ry, Jo-seph lend your aid, With us sing our Sav-iour's birth.



Glo - ri - a in ex-cel-sis De - o,



Glo - ri - a in excelsis De - o. Amen.

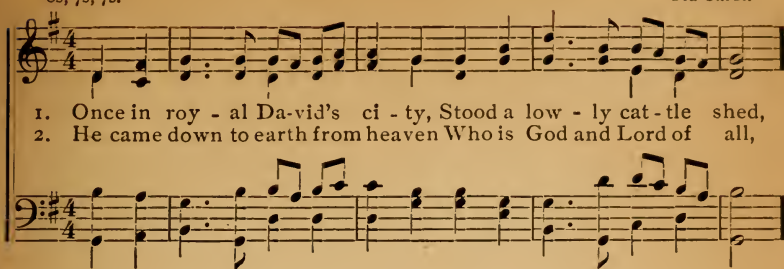
# CHRISTMAS.

7.

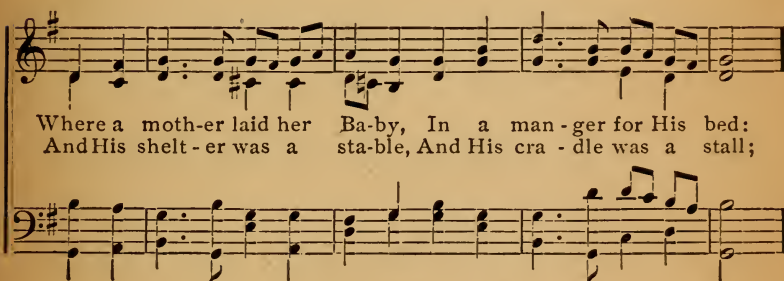
## ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

8s, 7s, 7s.

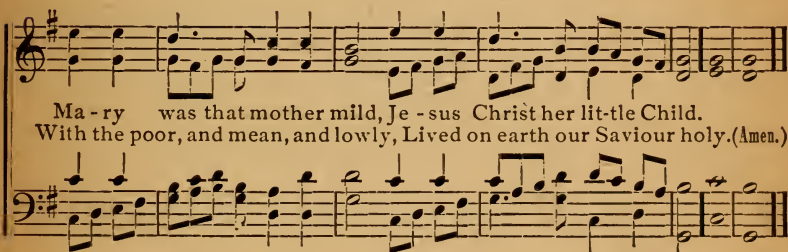
Old Carol.



1. Once in roy - al Da-vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat-tle shed,  
2. He came down to earth from heaven Who is God and Lord of all,



Where a moth-er laid her Ba-by, In a man-ger for His bed:  
And His shelt-er was a sta-ble, And His cra-dle was a stall;



Ma-ry was that mother mild, Je-sus Christ her lit-tle Child.  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy. (Amen.)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3. And, thro'all His wondrous childhood,<br/>He would honour, and obey,<br/>Love, and watch the lowly maiden<br/>In whose gentle arms He lay;<br/>Christian children all must be<br/>Mild, obedient, good as He.</p>           | <p>5. And our eyes at last shall see Him<br/>Through His own redeeming love,<br/>For that Child so dear and gentle<br/>Is our Lord in heaven above;<br/>And He leads His children on<br/>'To the place where He is gone.</p>         |
| <p>4. For He is our childhood's Pattern,<br/>Day by day like us He grew,<br/>He was little, weak, and helpless,<br/>Tears and smiles like us He knew;<br/>And He feeleth for our sadness,<br/>And He shareth in our gladness.</p> | <p>6. Not in that poor lowly stable,<br/>With the oxen standing by,<br/>We shall see Him; but in heaven,<br/>Set at God's right hand on high;<br/>When like stars His children crowned<br/>All in white shall wait around. Amen.</p> |

# CHRISTMAS.

8.

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

Ss, 6s.

Old English Melody.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem! How still we see thee lie,  
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all above,

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The si-lent stars go by;  
While mortals sleep the an-gels keep Their watch of wondering love.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The  
O morn - ing stars to - geth - er Proclaim the ho - ly birth! And

hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight.  
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth (A - men.)

3. How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given;  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray,  
Cast out our sin and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels,  
The great glad tidings tell,  
O, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel! A-men.



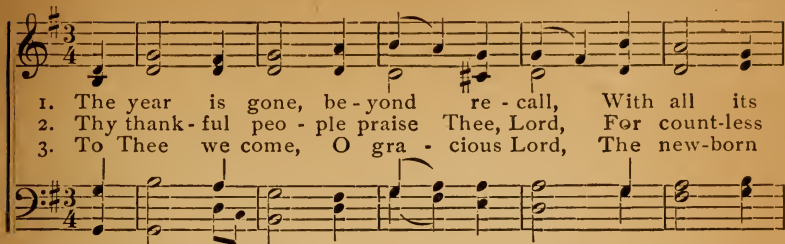
# THE NEW YEAR.

9.

THE YEAR IS GONE, BEYOND RECALL.

C. M.

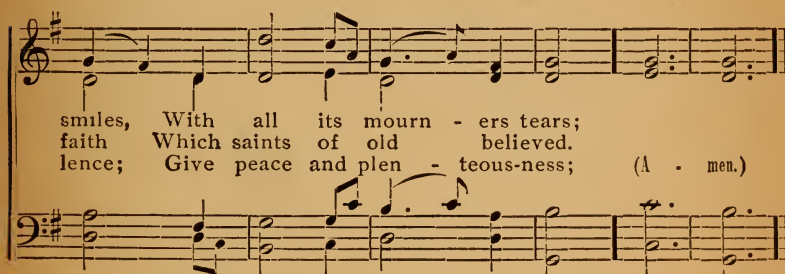
From Beethoven.



1. The year is gone, be - yond re - call, With all its  
 2. Thy thank - ful peo - ple praise Thee, Lord, For count - less  
 3. To Thee we come, O gra - cious Lord, The new - born



hopes and fears, With all its bright and glad - dening  
 gifts received; And pray for grace to keep the  
 year to bless; De - fend our land from pest - i -



smiles, With all its mourn - ers tears;  
 faith Which saints of old believed.  
 lence; Give peace and plen - teous - ness; (A - men.)

4. Forgive this nation's many sins;  
 The growth of vice restrain;  
 And help us all with sin to strive,  
 And crowns of life to gain.
5. From evil deeds that stain the past  
 We now desire to flee;  
 And pray that future years may all  
 Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.
6. O Father, let Thy watchful eye  
 Still look on us in love,  
 That we may praise Thee, year by year,  
 With angel-hosts above. A-men.

Latin Hymn.

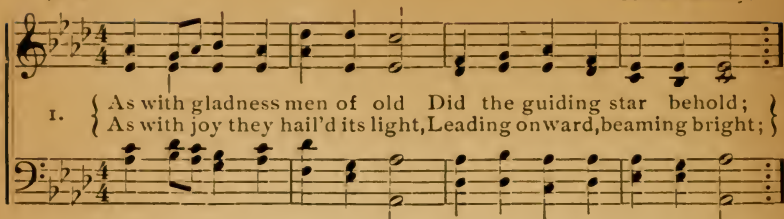
# EPIPHANY.—THE HOLY NAME.

10.

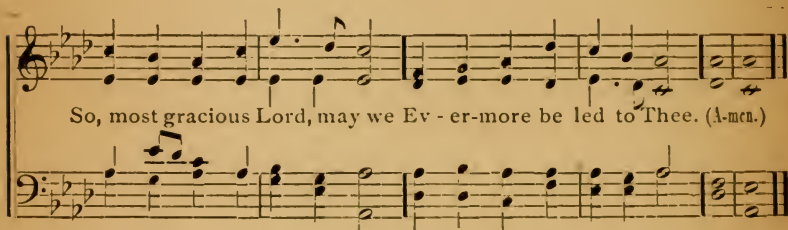
AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

7s, 6l.

German Melody.



1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; }  
 { As with joy they hail'd its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; }



So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee. (A-men.)

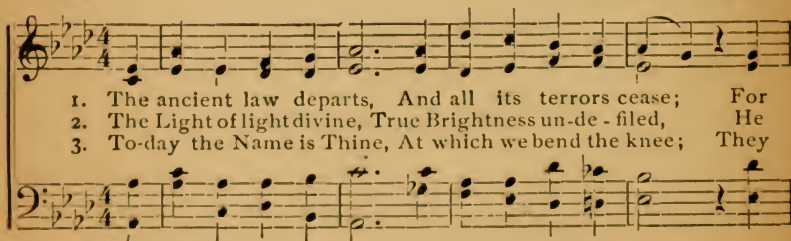
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. As with joyful steps they sped<br/>                     To that lowly manger-bed,<br/>                     There to bend the knee before<br/>                     Him whom heaven and earth adore;<br/>                     So may we with willing feet<br/>                     Ever seek the mercy-seat.</p>                 | <p>4. Holy Jesus, every day<br/>                     Keep us in the narrow way;<br/>                     And, when earthly things are past,<br/>                     Bring our ransom'd souls at last<br/>                     Where they need no star to guide,<br/>                     Where no clouds Thy glory hide.</p>  |
| <p>3. As they offer'd gifts most rare<br/>                     At that manger rude and bare;<br/>                     So may we with holy joy,<br/>                     Pure and free from sin's alloy,<br/>                     All our costliest treasures bring,<br/>                     Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.</p> | <p>5. In the heavenly country bright<br/>                     Need they no created light;<br/>                     Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,<br/>                     Thou its Sun which goes not down;<br/>                     There forever may we sing<br/>                     Alleluias to our King. Amen.</p> |

II.

THE ANCIENT LAW DEPARTS.

S. M.

From Robert Schumann.



1. The ancient law departs, And all its terrors cease; For  
 2. The Light of light divine, True Brightness un-de - filed, He  
 3. To-day the Name is Thine, At which we bend the knee; They

LENT.



Je-sus makes with faithful hearts A cov - e - nant of peace.  
bears for us the shame of sin, A ho - ly, spot-less Child.  
call Thee Je-sus, Child divine! Our Je-sus deign to be. A-men.

From Paris Breviary.

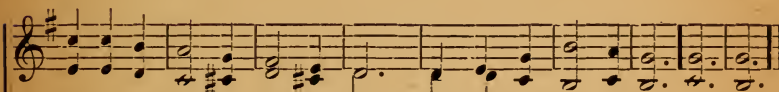
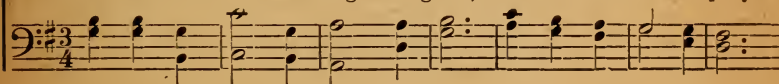


## 12. *ONCE MORE THE SOLEMN SEASON CALLS.*

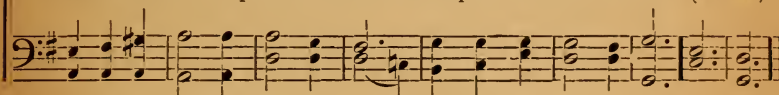
C. M.



1. Once more the sol - emn sea - son calls A ho - ly fast to keep;
2. But vain all out - ward sign' of grief, And vain the form of prayer,



And now within the tem-ple walls Both priest and people weep.  
Unless the heart implore re-lief And pen - i - tence be there. (A - men.)



3. We smite the breast, we weep in  
In vain in ashes mourn, [vain,  
Unless with penitential pain  
The smitten soul be torn.
4. In sorrow true now let us pray  
To our offended God,  
From us to turn His wrath away,  
And stay the uplifted rod.
5. O God, our Judge and Father,  
To spare the bruised reed; [deign  
We pray for time to turn again,  
For grace to turn indeed.
6. Blest Three in One, to Thee we  
Vouchsafe us in Thy love [bow;  
To gather from these fasts below  
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

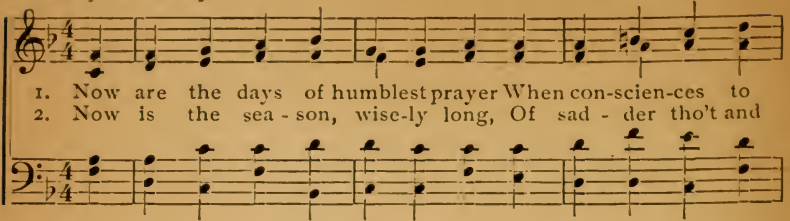
From Paris Breviary.

LENT.

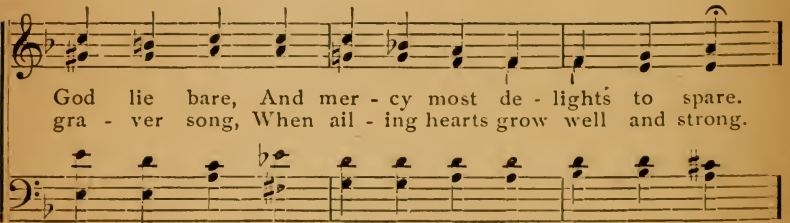
13. NOW ARE THE DAYS OF HUMBLEST PRAYER.

P. M.  
*Slowly and devoutly.*

Samuel A. Baldwin.

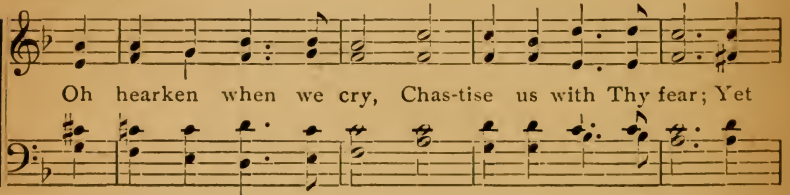


1. Now are the days of humblest prayer When con-sciences to  
2. Now is the sea-son, wise-ly long, Of sad-der tho't and

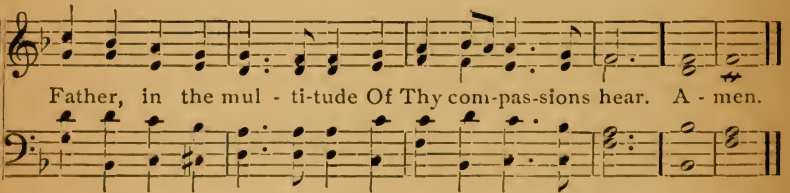


God lie bare, And mer-cy most de-lights to spare.  
gra-ver song, When ail-ing hearts grow well and strong.

*Faster.*



Oh hearken when we cry, Chas-tise us with Thy fear; Yet



Father, in the mul-ti-tude Of Thy com-pas-sions hear. A-men.

3. The feast of penance! O so bright, 5. We who have loved the world must learn  
With true conversion's heav'nly light, Upon that world our backs to turn,  
Like sunrise after stormy night. And with the love of God to burn.  
Oh hearken, etc. Oh hearken, etc.

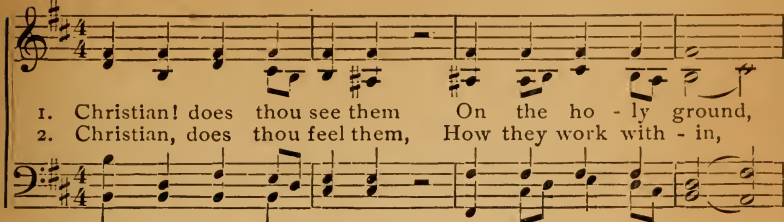
4. O happy time of blessed tears, 6. All glory to redeeming grace,  
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears, Disdaining not our evil case,  
Undoing all our evil years. But showing us our Saviour's face.  
Oh hearken, etc. Oh hearken, etc.



# 14.

## CHRISTIAN DOST THOU SEE THEM.

6s, 5s D.  
Well Marked.

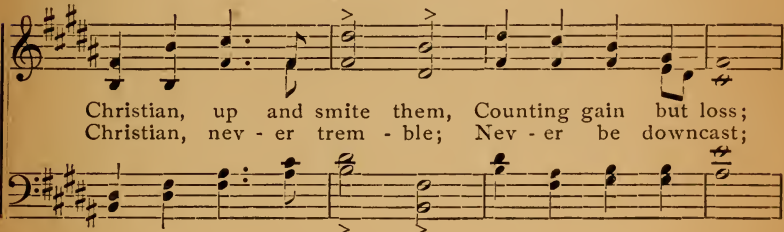


1. Christian! does thou see them On the ho - ly ground,  
2. Christian, does thou feel them, How they work with - in,

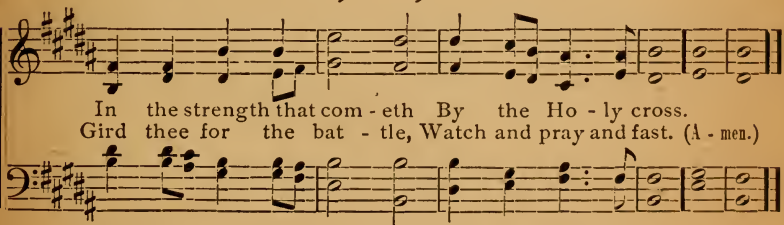


How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?  
Striv - ing, tempting, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?

*Faster.*



Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss;  
Christian, nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be downcast;



In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - ly cross.  
Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast. (A - men.)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Christian! dost thou hear them,<br/>How they speak thee fair?<br/>"Always fast and vigil?<br/>Always watch and prayer?"<br/>Christian, answer boldly:<br/>"While I breathe I pray!"<br/>Peace shall follow battle,<br/>Night shall end in day.</p> | <p>4. "Well I know thy trouble,<br/>O My servant true;<br/>Thou art very weary,<br/>I was weary too;<br/>But that toil shall make thee<br/>Some day all Mine own,<br/>And the end of sorrow<br/>Shall be near My Throne." Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

St. Andrew of Crete.

LENT.

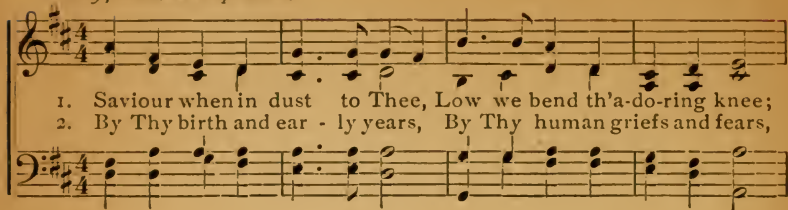
15.

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

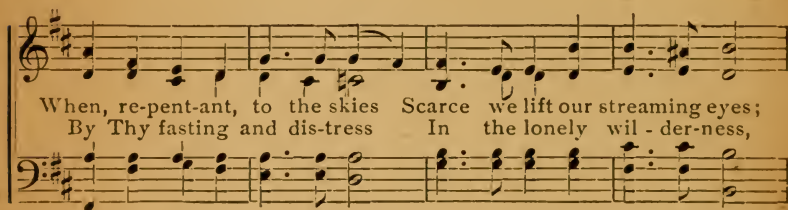
7s. D.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

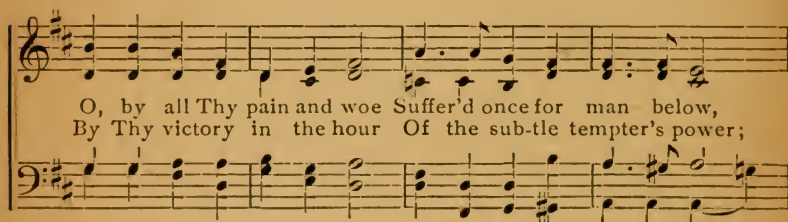
*Slowly, with much expression.*



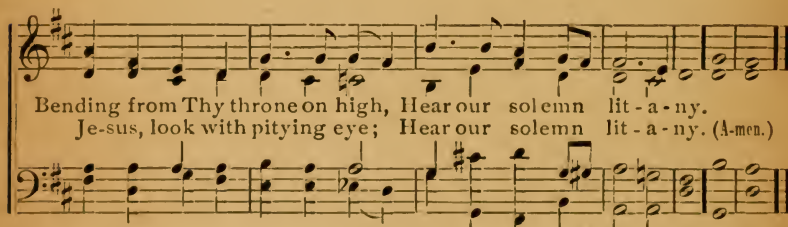
1. Saviour when in dust to Thee, Low we bend th'a-do-ring knee;  
2. By Thy birth and ear - ly years, By Thy human griefs and fears,



When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;  
By Thy fasting and dis-tress In the lonely wil - der-ness,



O, by all Thy pain and woe Suffer'd once for man below,  
By Thy victory in the hour Of the sub-tle tempter's power;



Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit - a - ny.  
Je-sus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn lit - a - ny. (A-men.)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 3. By Thine hour of dark despair,<br>By Thine agony of prayer,<br>By the purple robe of scorn,<br>By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,<br>By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,<br>By Thy perfect sacrifice;<br>Jesus, look with pitying eye;<br>Hear our solemn litany. | 4. By Thy deep expiring groan,<br>By the seal'd sepulchral stone,<br>By Thy triumph o'er the grave,<br>By Thy power from death to save;<br>Mighty God, ascended Lord,<br>To Thy throne in heaven restored,<br>Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,<br>Hear our solemn litany. Amen. |
|--|--|

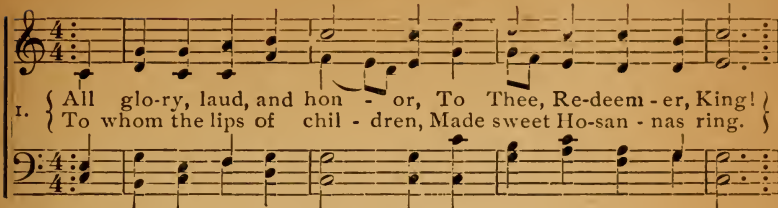
# PALMSUNDAY.

## 16.

### ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR.

7s. Gs. D.

Old Melody.

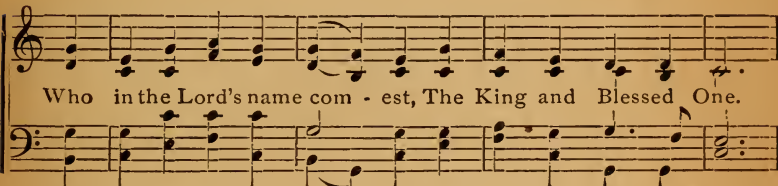


1. { All glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re-deem - er, King! }  
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren, Made sweet Ho-san - nas ring. }

*The 2nd and following stanzas.*

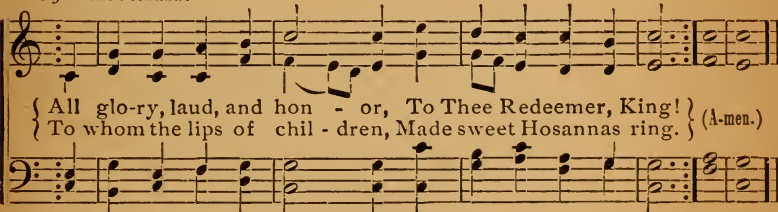


2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou David's Ro - yal Son,



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Blessed One.

*After each stanza.*



{ All glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee Redeemer, King! } (A-men.)  
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren, Made sweet Hosannas ring. }

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3. The company of Angels<br/>         Are praising Thee on high;<br/>         And mortal men and all things<br/>         Created, make reply.<br/>         All glory, etc.</p> <p>4. The people of the Hebrews<br/>         With palms below Thee went:<br/>         Our praise and prayer and anthems<br/>         Before Thee we present.<br/>         All glory, etc.</p> | <p>5. To Thee before Thy passion<br/>         They sang their hymns of praise:<br/>         To Thee, now high exalted<br/>         Our melody we raise.<br/>         All glory, etc.</p> <p>6. Thou didst accept their praises;<br/>         Accept the prayers we bring,<br/>         Who in all good delightest,<br/>         Thou good and gracious King.<br/>         All glory, etc. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

St. Theodulph, 9th Cent.

For Latin words see Gloria, laus, et honor.



# HOLY WEEK.

17.

## THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO.

L. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go, The Cross shines  
 2. Where deep for us the spear was dyed, Life's tor - rent  
 3. Ful - fill'd is all that Da - vid told In true pro -

forth In mys - tic glow; Where He in Flesh, our flesh who  
 rush - ing from His side, To wash us in that precious  
 phet - ic song of old; A - midst the na - tions God, saith

made, Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid.  
 flood Where mingled wa - ter flow'd, and blood.  
 he, Hath reign'd and tri - umph'd from the Tree. (A - men.)

4. O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!  
 O Tree with royal purple dight!  
 Elect on whose triumphal breast  
 Those holy limbs should find their rest!

6. O Cross, our one reliance, hail!  
 This holy Passion-tide, avail  
 To give fresh merit to the saint,  
 And pardon to the penitent.

5. On whose dear arms, so widely flung  
 The weight of this world's ransom hung:  
 The price of human kind to pay,  
 And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

7. To Thee, Eternal Three in One,  
 Let homage meet by all be done;  
 Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore  
 Preserve and govern evermore, Amen

Fortunatus, 6th Cent.

For Latin words see Vexilla Regis.

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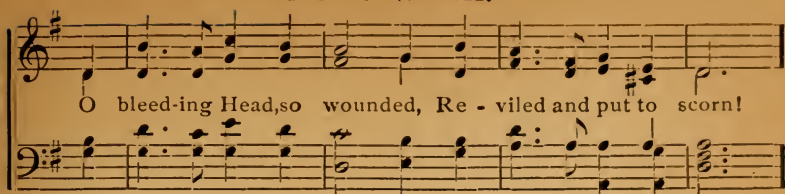
18.

## O, SACRED HEAD.

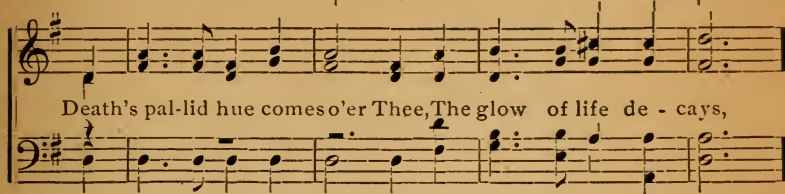
7s, 6s. D.

1. O sa - cred head sur-round-ed By crown of piercing thorn;

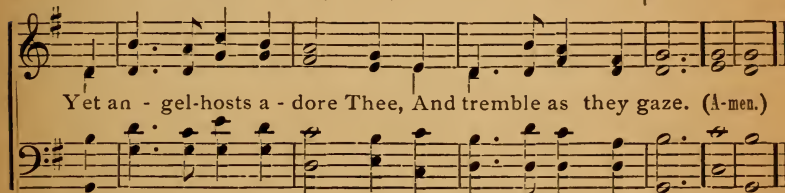
# HOLY WEEK.



O bleed-ing Head, so wound-ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!



Death's pal-lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays,



Yet an - gel-hosts a - dore Thee, And tremble as they gaze. (A-men.)

2. What Thou, my Lord! hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain:  
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3. In this Thy bitter passion,  
Good Shepherd think of me,  
With Thy most sweet compassion  
Unworthy though I be;  
Beneath Thy cross abiding,  
Forever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

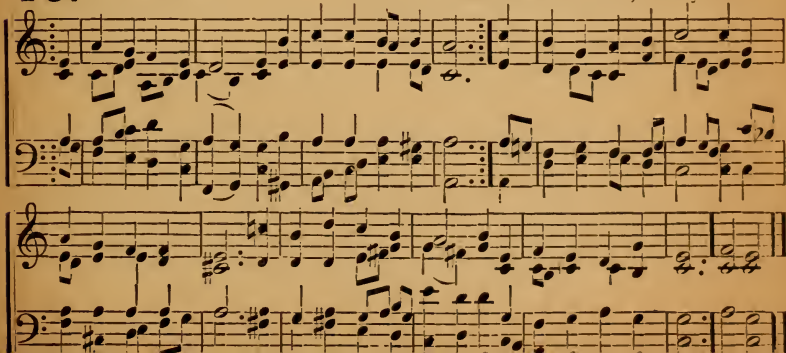
St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th Cent.

4. The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide:  
My Lord of life! desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside Thy cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

5. Be near me when I'm dying,  
Oh! show Thy cross to me!  
And, for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord! and set me free;  
And, when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throes,  
Release me from mine anguish,  
By Thine own pain and woe. Amen.

## 18. *Second Tune.*

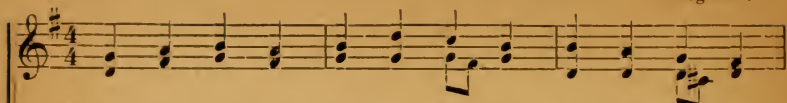
One of the oldest German Chorals; Arr. by Bach.



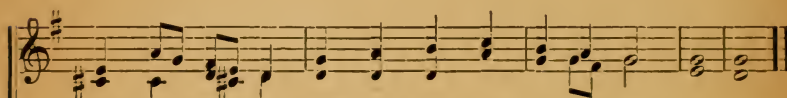
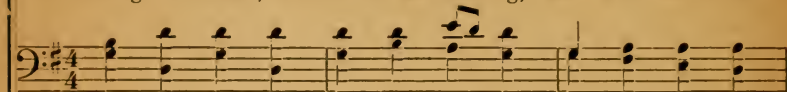
# HOLY WEEK.

## 19.(a) AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING.

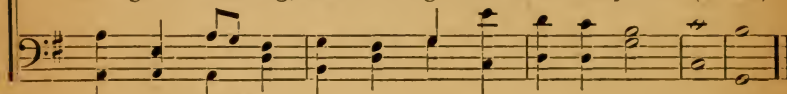
Gregorian.



1. At the cross her sta-tion keep-ing, Stood the mournful
2. Through her heart, His sor-row shar-ing, All His bit-ter



- moth-er weeping, Close to Je-sus to the last.  
an-guish bear-ing, Now at length the sword has passed. (A-men.)



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 3. Oh, how sad and sore distressed<br>Was that mother highly blest<br>Of the sole begotten One!        | 10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;<br>Make my soul to glow and melt<br>With the love of Christ my Lord.  |
| 4. Christ above in torment hangs;<br>She beneath beholds the pangs<br>Of her dying glorious Son.       | 11. Holy mother! pierce me through;<br>In my heart each wound renew<br>Of my Saviour crucified:           |
| 5. Is there one who would not weep,<br>Whelmed in miseries so deep,<br>Christ's dear mother to behold? | 12. Let me share with thee His pain,<br>Who for all my sins was slain,<br>Who for me in torments died.    |
| 6. Can the human heart refrain<br>From partaking in her pain,<br>In that mothers pain untold?          | 13. Let me mingle tears with thee,<br>Mourning Him who mourned for me,<br>All the days that I may live:   |
| 7. Bruised, derided, curs'd, defiled,<br>She beheld her tender child<br>All with bloody scourges rent. | 14. By the cross with thee to stay;<br>There with thee to weep and pray,<br>Is all I ask of thee to give. |
| 8. For the sin of His own nation<br>Saw Him hang in desolation,<br>Till His spirit forth he sent.      | 15. Virgin of all virgins blest!<br>Listen to my fond request;<br>Let me share thy grief divine;          |
| 9. O thou mother! fount of love!<br>Touch my spirit from above,<br>Make my heart with thine accord.    | 16. Let me, to my latest breath<br>In my body bear the death<br>Of that dying Son of thine.               |

## HOLY WEEK.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>17. Wounded with His every wound,<br/>Steep my soul till it hath swooned<br/>In His very blood away.</p>                | <p>19. Let me by the Cross be warded,<br/>By the death of Christ be guarded,<br/>Nourished by divine supplies.</p> |
| <p>18. May I, fired with pure affection,<br/>Virgin, have through thee protect-<br/>In the solemn Judgement Day. [tion</p> | <p>20. When the body death hath riven,<br/>Grant that to the soul be given,<br/>Glories bright of Paradise.</p>    |
- Stabat Mater; Jacobus de Benedictis 13th Cent.

### 19. (b)

### STABAT MATER.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Stabat Mater dolorosa,<br/>Juxta crucem lacrymosa,<br/>Dum pendebat Filius.</p>         | <p>11. Sancta Mater istud agas<br/>Crucifixi fige plagas<br/>Cordi meo valide.</p>           |
| <p>2. Cujus animam gementem,<br/>Contristatam et dolentem,<br/>Pertransiuit gladius.</p>      | <p>12. Tui nati vulnerati,<br/>Tam dignati pro me pati,<br/>Pœnas mecum divide.</p>          |
| <p>3. O quam tristis et afflicta,<br/>Fuit illa benedicta,<br/>Mater Unigeniti!</p>           | <p>13. Fac me tecum pie flere<br/>Crucifixo condolore<br/>Donec ego vixero.</p>              |
| <p>4. Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,<br/>Pia Mater dum videbat<br/>Nati pœnas inclyti.</p>           | <p>14. Juxta crucem tecum stare,<br/>Et me tibi sociare<br/>In planctu desidero.</p>         |
| <p>5. Quis est homo qui non fletet,<br/>Matrem Christi si videret<br/>In tanto supplicio?</p> | <p>15. Virgo Virginum præclara,<br/>Mihi jam non sis amara;<br/>Fac me tecum plangere.</p>   |
| <p>6. Quis non posset contristari,<br/>Christi Matrem contemplari<br/>Dolentem cum Filio?</p> | <p>16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem<br/>Passionis fac consortem,<br/>Et plagas recolere.</p> |
| <p>7. Pro peccatis suæ gentis,<br/>Tidit Jesum in tormentis<br/>Et flagellis subditum.</p>    | <p>17. Fac me plagis vulnerari,<br/>Fac me cruce inebriari,<br/>Et cruore filii.</p>         |
| <p>8. Vidit suum dulcem natum,<br/>Moriendo desolatum.<br/>Dum emisit spiritum.</p>           | <p>18. Inflammatus et accensus,<br/>Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,<br/>In die judicii.</p>     |
| <p>9. Eia Mater, fons amoris,<br/>Me sentire vim doloris<br/>Fac ut tecum lugeam.</p>         | <p>19. Fac me cruce custodiri<br/>Morte Christi præmuniri,<br/>Consoveri gratia.</p>         |
| <p>10. Fac ut ardeat cor meum<br/>In amando Christum Deum,<br/>Ut sibi complaceam.</p>        | <p>20. Quando corpus morietur,<br/>Fac ut animæ donetur<br/>Paradisi gloria.</p>             |



# HOLY WEEK.

## 20. O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE.

L. M.

1. O come and mourn with me a - while; See Ma - ry  
 calls us to her side; O come, to - geth - er  
 let us mourn; Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied. (A - men.)

2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
 Ah! look how patiently He hangs;  
 Jesus, our Love is crucified.
3. Seven times He spake, seven words of love;  
 And all three hours His silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
4. A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
 Ask, and they will not be denied;  
 A broken heart love's cradle is  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

## 20. Second Tune.

Arr. from Gregorian Chant.

# EASTER.

## 21.

### *JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.*

Old Melody.

7s

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia.

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day; Al - - le - lu - ia.

Who did once up - on the Cross Al - - le - lu - ia.

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia. (Amen.)

2. Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the Cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!
3. But the pains which He endured  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia! Amen.

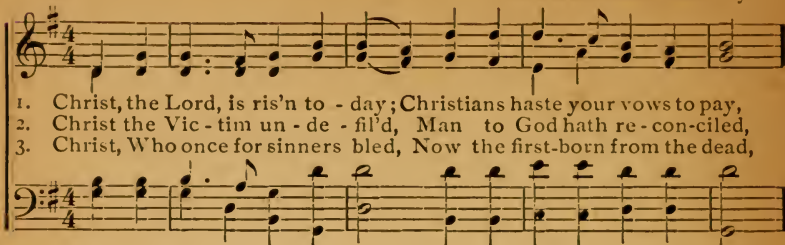
Latin Hymn.

## 22.

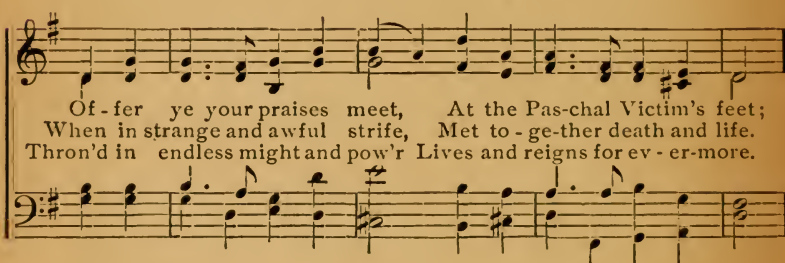
## CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY.

7s. D.

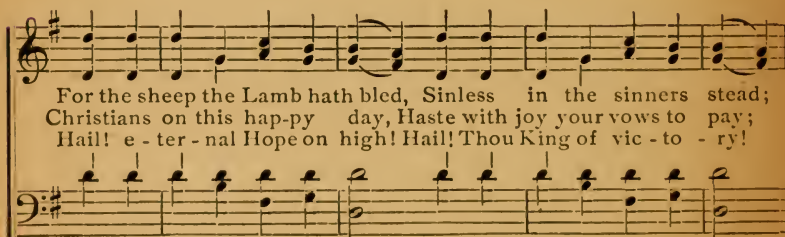
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.



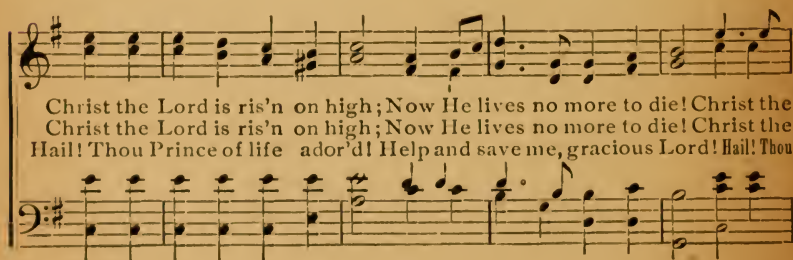
1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day; Christians haste your vows to pay,  
 2. Christ the Vic - tim un - de - fil'd, Man to God hath re - con-ciled,  
 3. Christ, Who once for sinners bled, Now the first-born from the dead,



Of - fer ye your praises meet, At the Pas-chal Victim's feet;  
 When in strange and awful strife, Met to - ge - ther death and life.  
 Thron'd in endless might and pow'r Lives and reigns for ev - er - more.



For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sinless in the sinners stead;  
 Christians on this hap - py day, Haste with joy your vows to pay;  
 Hail! e - ter - nal Hope on high! Hail! Thou King of vic - to - ry!



Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die! Christ the  
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die! Christ the  
 Hail! Thou Prince of life ador'd! Help and save me, gracious Lord! Hail! Thou



# EASTER.



Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die!  
 Lord is ris'n on high; Now He lives no more to die!  
 Prince of life a-dor'd! Help and save me, gracious Lord! A-men  
 Latin Hymn.



23.

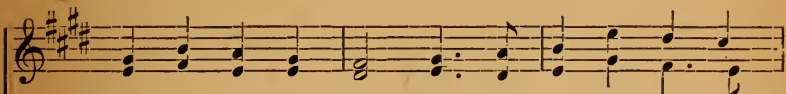
## CHRIST IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

7s.

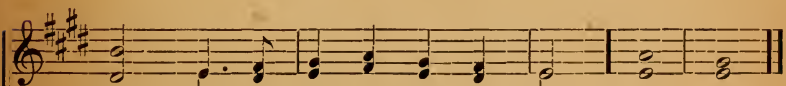
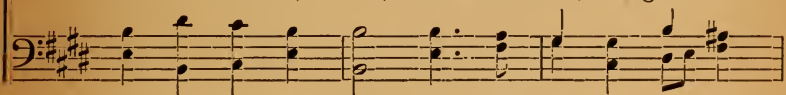
Old French Melody.



1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Ris - en  
 2. An - gels clad in snow - y white, Com - ing  
 3. Man was but a slave be - fore, Man



as He tru - ly said; Praise the Lord with grate - ful  
 from the realms of light, Bid us sing with grate - ful  
 free for ev - er - more, Heav'n and earth, with grate - ful



voice, Bless His name, re-joyce, re - joice!  
 voice, Bid us all re-joyce, re - joice!  
 voice, Bid us all re-joyce, re - joice! A - men.

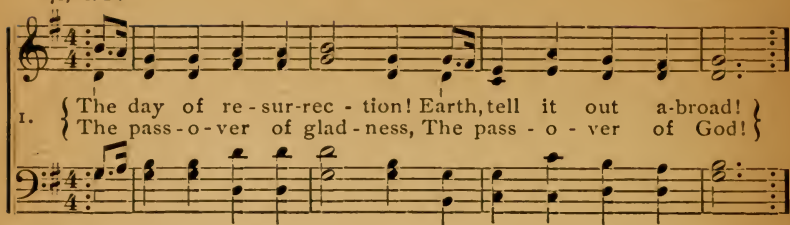


# EASTER.

## 24.

### THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

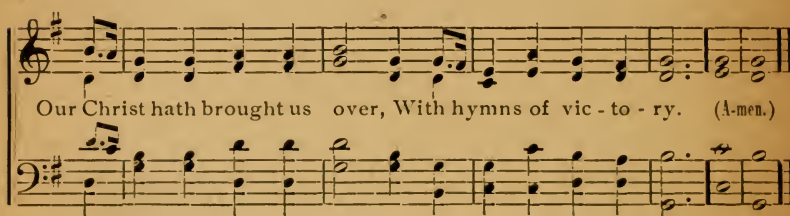
7s, 6s. D.



1. { The day of re-sur-rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad! }  
 { The pass-o-ver of glad-ness, The pass - o - ver of God! }



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un-to the sky,



Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of vic - to - ry. (A-men.)

2. Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection light;  
 And, listening to His accents,  
 May hear, so calm and plain,  
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,  
 May raise the victor-strain.
3. Now let the heavens be joyful!  
 Let earth her song begin!  
 Let the round world keep triumph,  
 And all that is therein!  
 Invisible and visible,  
 Their notes let all things blend,  
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
 Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

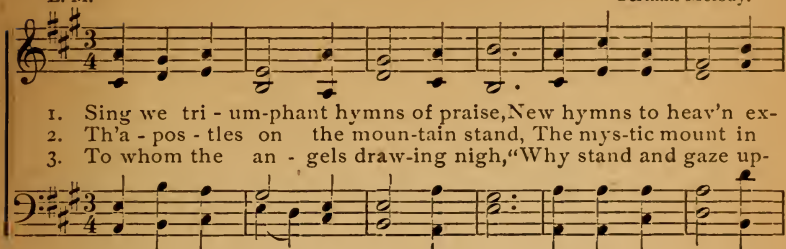
St. John of Damascus.

# ASCENSION.

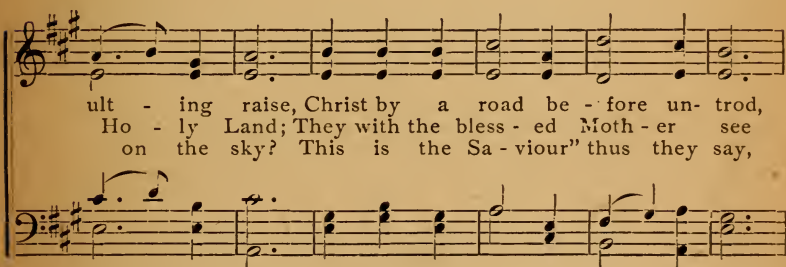
## 25. SING WE TRIUMPHANT HYMNS OF PRAISE.

L. M.

German Melody.



1. Sing we tri - um-phant hymns of praise, New hymns to heav'n ex-  
 2. Th'a - pos - tles on the moun-tain stand, The mys-tic mount in  
 3. To whom the an - gels draw-ing nigh, "Why stand and gaze up-



ult - ing raise, Christ by a road be - fore un-trod,  
 Ho - ly Land; They with the bless - ed Moth - er see  
 on the sky? This is the Sa - viour" thus they say,



As - cend-eth to the throne of God.  
 Je - sus as - cend in Ma - jes - ty.  
 "This is His no - ble tri - umph day." (A - men.)

4. "Again shall ye behold Him so —  
 As ye to-day have seen Him go,  
 In glorious pomp ascending high,  
 Up to the portals of the sky."
5. "He hastes to mount His heavenly throne,  
 He takes His kingdom for His own;  
 And thence again, when time shall end,  
 To judge the nations shall descend."
6. Jesu! in that tremendous day,  
 Our sole Redemption, Thee we pray  
 Vouch safe to number us on high  
 Amongst Thy Saints' blest company.

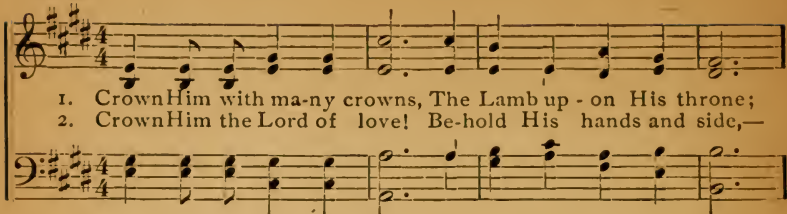
Latin Hymn; Hymnum Canamus Gloriæ.

# ASCENSION.

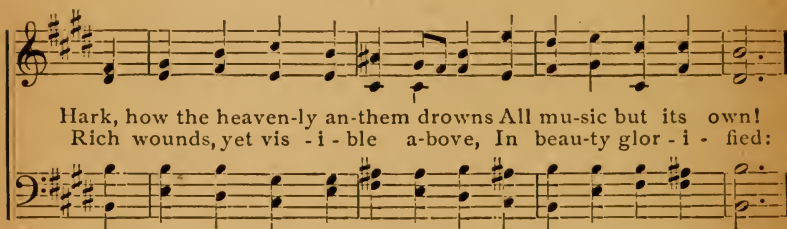
26.

## CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

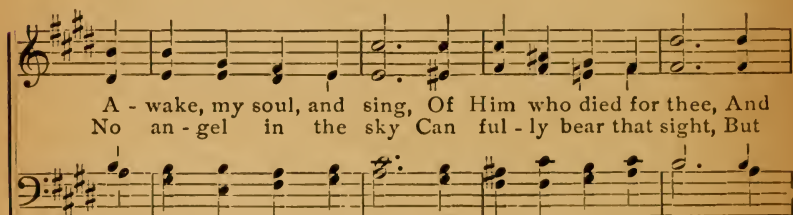
S. M. D.



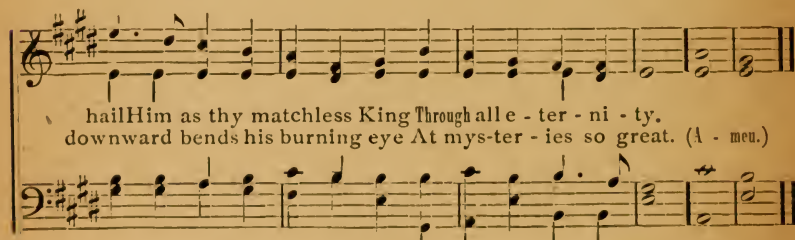
1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;  
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be-hold His hands and side,—



Hark, how the heaven-ly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own!  
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau-ty glor - i - fied:



A - wake, my soul, and sing, Of Him who died for thee, And  
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But



hail Him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
downward bends his burning eye At mys - ter - ies so great. (A - men.)

3. Crown Him the Lord of peace!  
Whose power a scepter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise:  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round His pierced feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend,  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4. Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime!  
All hail! Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity. Amen.



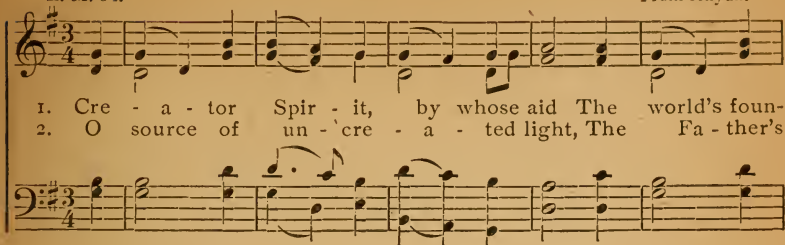
# PENTECOST.

27.

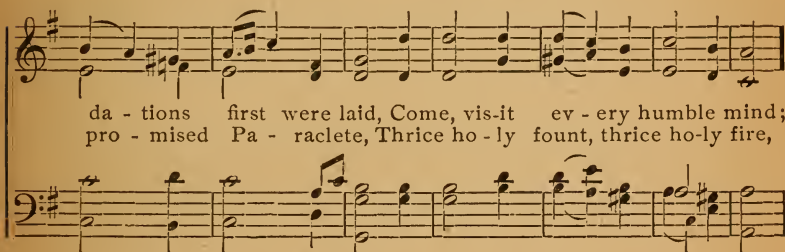
CREATOR SPIRIT, BY WHOSE AID.

L. M. 61.

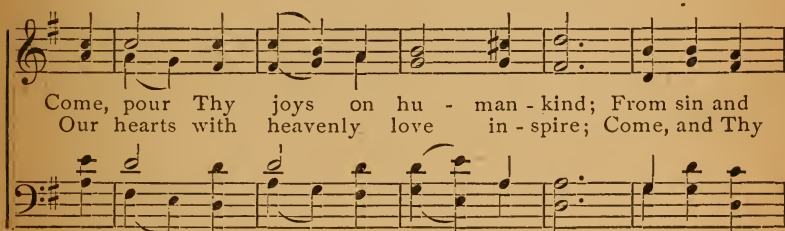
From Haydn.



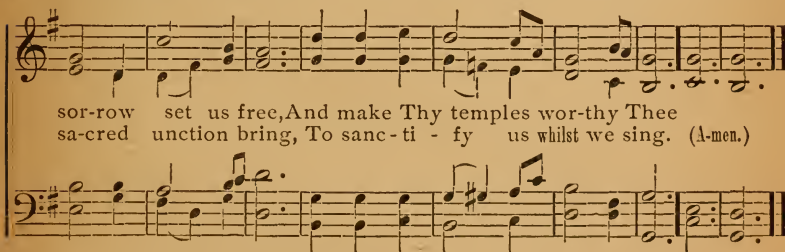
1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun-  
2. O source of un - cre - a - ted light, The Fa - ther's



da - tions first were laid, Come, vis-it ev - ery humble mind;  
pro - mised Pa - raclete, Thrice ho - ly fount, thrice ho - ly fire,



Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man - kind; From sin and  
Our hearts with heavenly love in - spire; Come, and Thy



sor-row set us free, And make Thy temples wor - thy Thee  
sa - cred unction bring, To sanc - ti - fy us whilst we sing. (A-men.)

3. Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.
4. Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, To Thee. Amen.



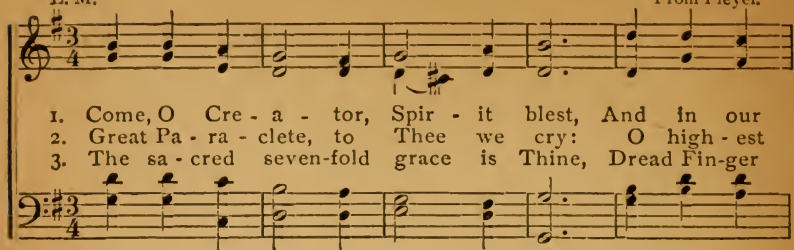
# PENTECOST.

## 28.

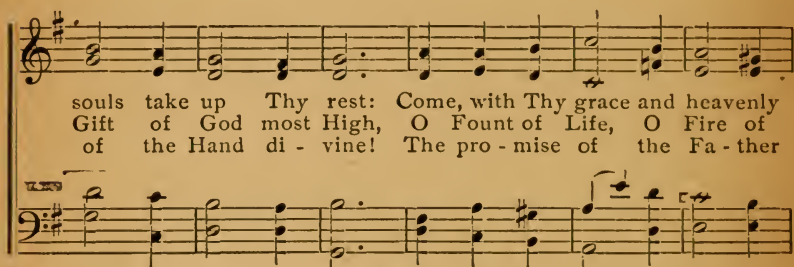
COME, O CREATOR, SPIRIT BLEST.

L. M.

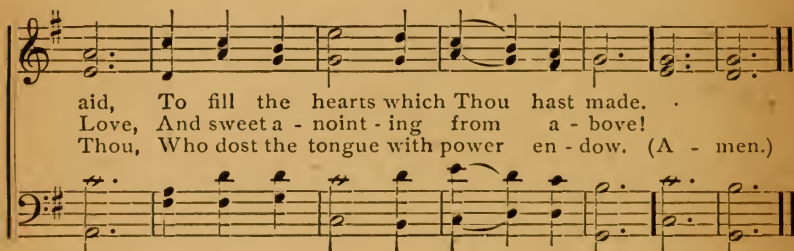
From Pleyel.



1. Come, O Cre - a - tor, Spir - it blest, And in our  
 2. Great Pa - ra - clete, to Thee we cry: O high - est  
 3. The sa - cred seven-fold grace is Thine, Dread Fin - ger



souls take up Thy rest: Come, with Thy grace and heavenly  
 Gift of God most High, O Fount of Life, O Fire of  
 of the Hand di - vine! The pro - mise of the Fa - ther



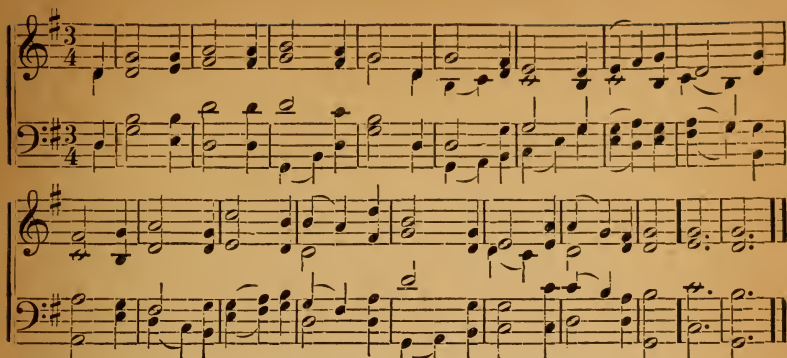
aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.  
 Love, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove!  
 Thou, Who dost the tongue with power en - dow. (A - men.)

4. Our senses touch with light and fire;  
 Our hearts with charity inspire;  
 And, with endurance from on high  
 The weakness of our flesh supply.
5. Far back our enemy repel  
 And let Thy peace within us dwell;  
 So may we, having Thee for guide,  
 Turn from each hurtful thing aside.
6. Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow  
 The Father and the Son to know,  
 And evermore to hold confessed  
 Thyself of each the Spirit blest.
7. All glory while the ages run  
 Be to the Father, and the Son,  
 Who rose from death; like praise to Thee,  
 O Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 9th Cent. For Latin words see Veni Creator,

# PENTECOST.

## 28. *Second Tune.*



## 29. *HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIGHT.*

7s. 6 l.

German Melody.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! Lord of light! From the clear ce - les - tial height  
Thy pure beaming radiance give: Come, Thou Father of the poor!

Come, with treas - ures which en - dure!

Come, Thou Light of all that live! (A - men.)

2. Thou of all consolers best,  
Thou the soul's delightful guest,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;  
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

3. Light immortal! Light divine!  
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill:  
If Thou take Thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay;  
All his good is turned to ill.

4. Heal our wounds, our strength renew;  
On our dryness pour Thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away:  
Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
Guide the steps that go astray.

5. Thou, on those who evermore  
Thee confess and Thee adore,  
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend:  
Give them comfort when they die,  
Give them life with Thee on high,  
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

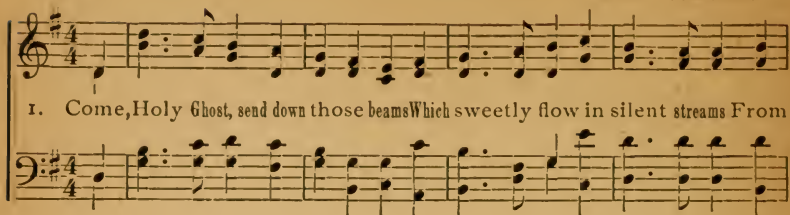
Veni Sancte Spiritus, Robert II of France.

# PENTECOST.

## 30. COME HOLY GHOST, SEND DOWN THOSE BEAMS.

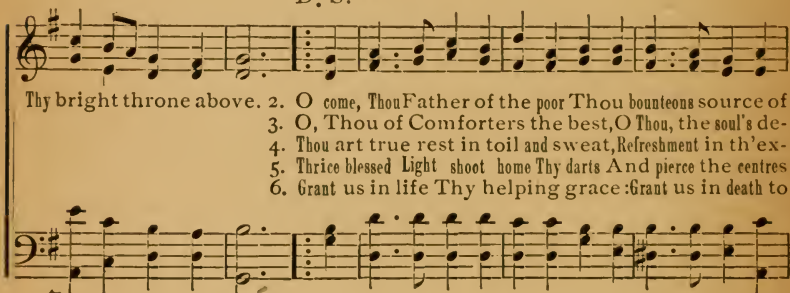
8s, 6s.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

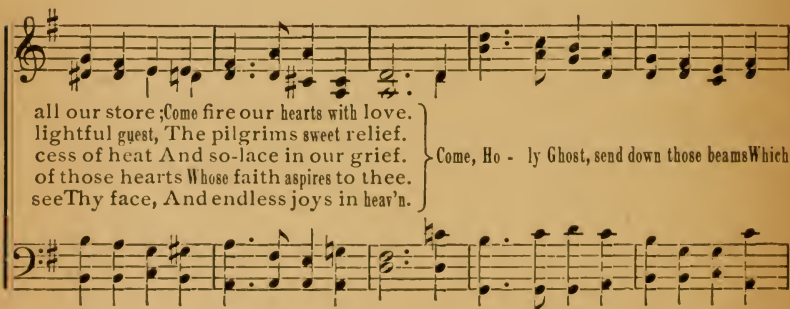


1. Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams Which sweetly flow in silent streams From

*D. S.*



Thy bright throne above. 2. O come, Thou Father of the poor Thou bounteous source of  
3. O, Thou of Comforters the best, O Thou, the soul's de-  
4. Thou art true rest in toil and sweat, Refreshment in th'ex-  
5. Thrice blessed Light shoot home Thy darts And pierce the centres  
6. Grant us in life Thy helping grace: Grant us in death to



all our store; Come fire our hearts with love.  
lightful guest, The pilgrims sweet relief.  
cess of heat And so-lace in our grief.  
of those hearts Whose faith aspires to thee.  
see Thy face, And endless joys in heav'n.

} Come, Ho - ly Ghost, send down those beams Which

*D. S.*



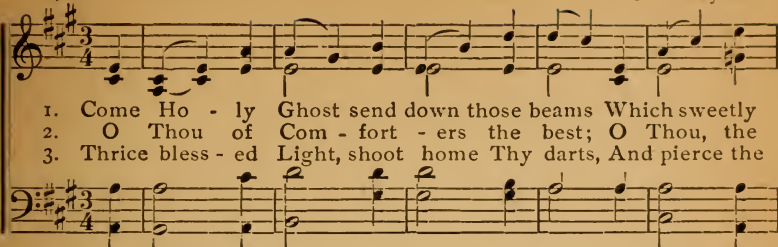
sweet-ly flow in si-lent streams From Thy bright throne a-bove. A - men.

# PENTECOST.

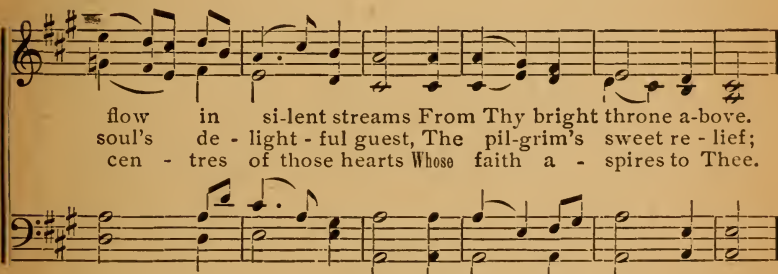
## 30. *Second Tune.*

8s, 6s.

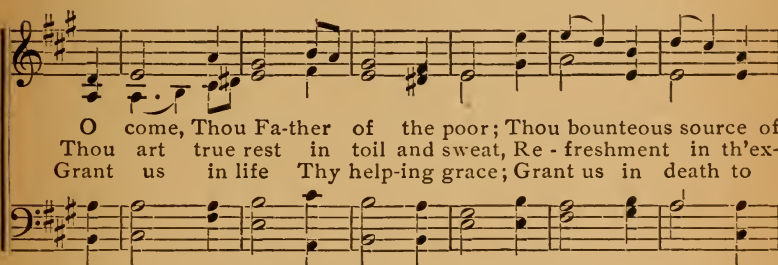
From Haydn.



1. Come Ho - ly Ghost send down those beams Which sweetly  
 2. O Thou of Com - fort - ers the best; O Thou, the  
 3. Thrice bless - ed Light, shoot home Thy darts, And pierce the



flow in si - lent streams From Thy bright throne a - bove.  
 soul's de - light - ful guest, The pil - grim's sweet re - lief;  
 cen - tres of those hearts Whose faith a - spires to Thee.



O come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor; Thou bounteous source of  
 Thou art true rest in toil and sweat, Re - freshment in th'ex -  
 Grant us in life Thy help - ing grace; Grant us in death to



all our store; Come fire our hearts with love.  
 cess of heat, And so - lace in our grief.  
 see Thy face, And end - less joys in heav'n. A - men.  
 Veni Sancte Spiritus, Robert II of France.



# TRINITY.

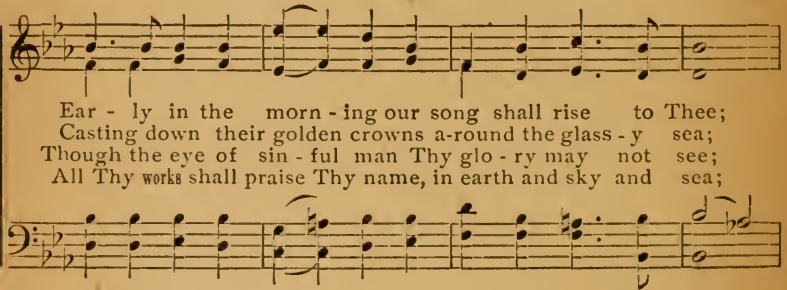
## 31.

*HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.*

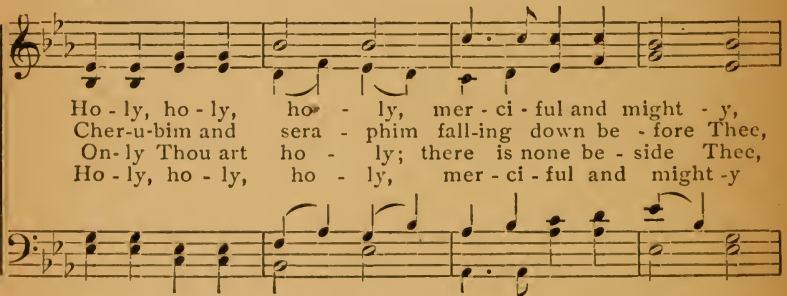
11S, 12S, 10S.



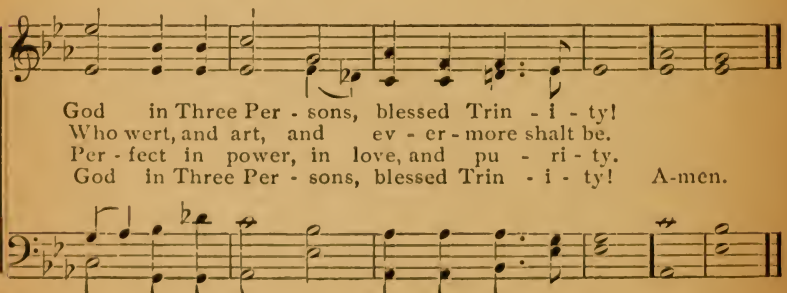
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y!  
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee,  
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Casting down their golden crowns a-round the glass - y sea;  
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,  
 Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall-ing down be - fore Thee,  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y



God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A-men.



# TRINITY.

32.

## O BLESSED TRINITY.

P. M.

Samuel A Baldwin.

1. O Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! Thy children dare to lift their hearts to  
 2. O Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! O sim - plest Ma - jes - ty! O Three in

Thee, And bless Thy tri - ple Ma - jes - ty! }  
 One! Thou art for - ev - er God a - lone. } Ho - ly Trin - i - ty!

Bless - ed E - qual Three, One God, we praise Thee. (A - men.)

3. O Blessed Trinity!  
 O Unbegotten Father! give us tears  
 To quench our love, to calm our fears.  
 Holy Trinity! etc.

4. O Blessed Trinity!  
 Bright Son! who art the Father's mind displayed,  
 Thou art begotten and not made.  
 Holy Trinity! etc.

5. O Blessed Trinity!  
 Coequal Spirit! wondrous Paraclete!  
 By Thee the Godhead is complete.  
 Holy Trinity! etc.

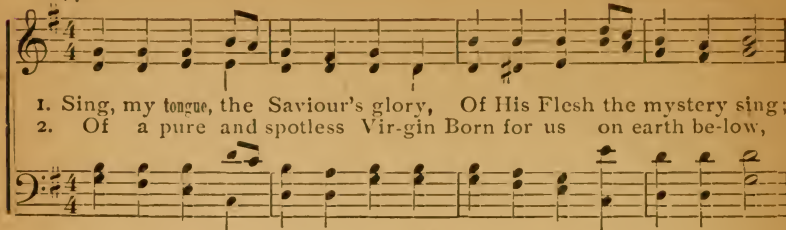
6. O Blessed Trinity!  
 We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as one,  
 Yet Three are on the single Throne.  
 Holy Trinity! etc. Amen.

# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

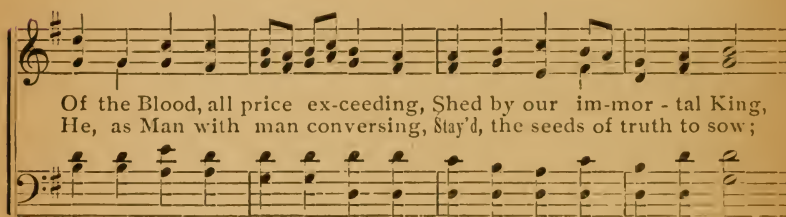
## 33. SING, MY TONGUE, THE SAVIOUR'S GLORY.

Ss, 7s. 6l.

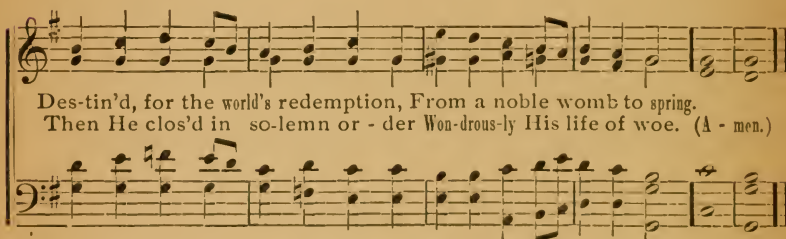
From Gounod.



1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory, Of His Flesh the mystery sing;  
2. Of a pure and spotless Vir-gin Born for us on earth be-low,



Of the Blood, all price ex-ceeding, Shed by our im-mor - tal King,  
He, as Man with man conversing, Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;



Des-tin'd, for the world's redemption, From a noble womb to spring.  
Then He clos'd in so-lemn or - der Won-drous-ly His life of woe. (A - men.)

3. On the night of that Last Supper,  
Seated with His chosen band,  
He, the Paschal Victim eating,  
First fulfills the Law's command;  
Then as Food to all His brethren  
Gives Himself with His own hand.

5. Down in adoration falling,  
Lo, the sacred Host we hail;  
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,  
Newer rites of grace prevail;  
Faith for all defects supplying,  
Where the feeble senses fail.

4. Word made Flesh, the bread of nature  
By His word to Flesh He turns;  
Wine into His Blood he changes:—  
What though sense no change discerns!  
Only be the heart in earnest,  
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

6. To the everlasting Father,  
And the Son who reigns on high,  
With the Holy Ghost proceeding  
Forth from each eternally,  
Be salvation, honor, blessing,  
Might and endless majesty. Amen.

For Latin words see Pange Lingua.

(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

34.

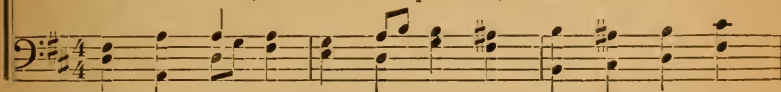
HAIL, TRUE BODY OF THE SAVIOUR.

Es, 7s, 6 l.

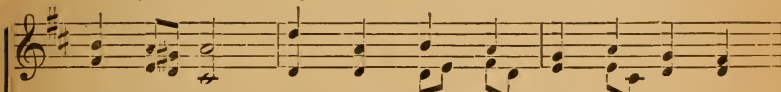
(AVE VERUM CORPUS.)



1. Hail, true Bo - dy of the Sa - viour, Spot - less Ma - ry's  
2. From whose side, for sin - ners pierc - ed, Wa - ter flow'd, and



1. A - ve, ve - rum Cor - pus, na - tum Ex Ma - ri - a  
2. Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - ra - tum Ve - ro flux - it



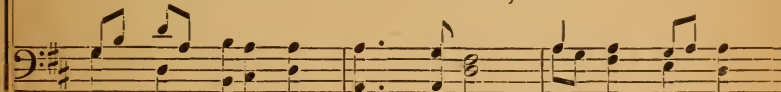
Vir - gin birth! Slain up - on the cross to cleanse us,  
min - gled blood. May'st Thou, dear - est Lord, be gi - ven,



Vir - gi - ne, Ve - re pas - sum, im - mo - la - tum,  
San - gui - ne. Es - to no - bis præ - gus - ta - tum,



By His pains, from sins of earth. } Hear us, mer - ci -  
In death's hour to be our food. }



In cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne. O cle - mens,  
Mor - tis in ex - a - ni - me. O dul - cis,



ful and gra - cious, O sweet Je - su, Ma - ry's child. A - men.



O pi - e, } Je - su, Fi - li Ma - ri - a. A - men.  
dul - cis Je - su, }

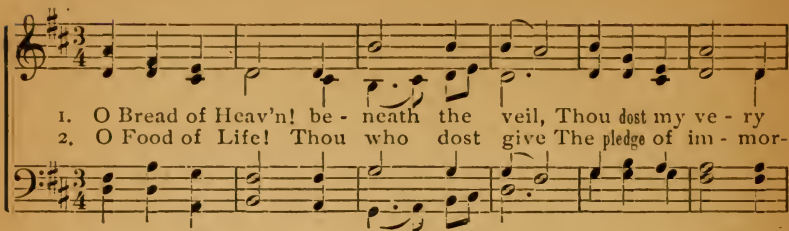
(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

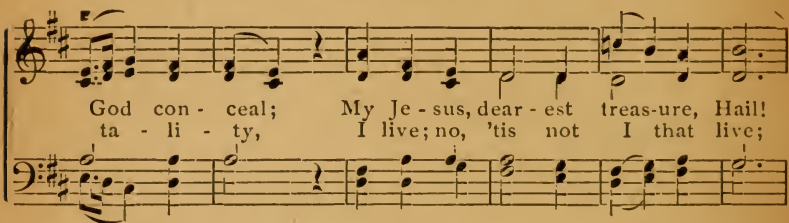
35.

O BREAD OF HEAVEN.

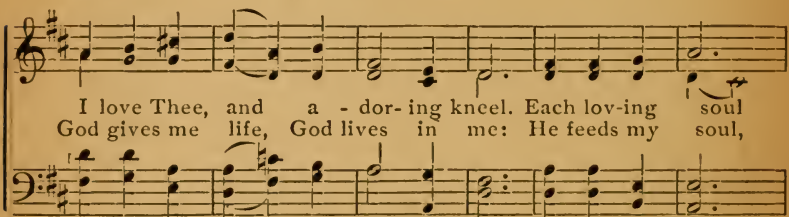
Ss. 61.



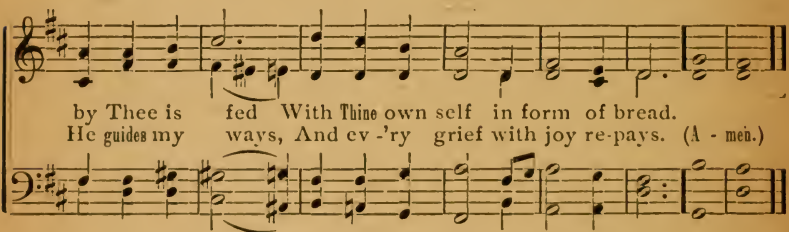
1. O Bread of Heav'n! be - neath the veil, Thou dost my ve - ry  
2. O Food of Life! Thou who dost give The pledge of im - mor -



God con - ceal; My Je - sus, dear - est treas - ure, Hail!  
ta - li - ty, I live; no, 'tis not I that live;



I love Thee, and a - dor - ing kneel. Each lov - ing soul  
God gives me life, God lives in me: He feeds my soul,



by Thee is fed With Thine own self in form of bread.  
He guides my ways, And ev - 'ry grief with joy re - pays. (A - men.)

3. My dearest God! who dost so bind  
My heart with countless chains to Thee!  
O sweetest Love, my soul shall find  
In Thy dear bonds true liberty.  
Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,  
Thine, Thine forever I will be.
4. Beloved Lord! In Heaven above,  
There, Jesus, Thou awaitest me;  
To gaze on Thee with changeless love;  
Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be;  
For how can He deny me Heav'n,  
Who here on earth Himself hath given? Amen.



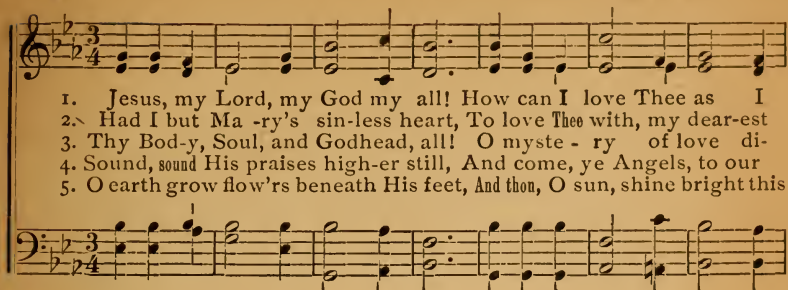
# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

36.

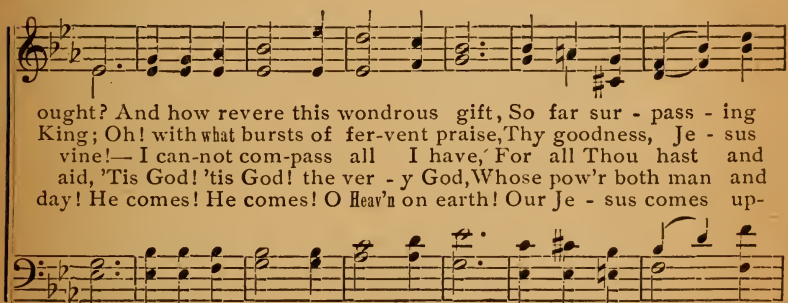
JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL.

8s. 6l.

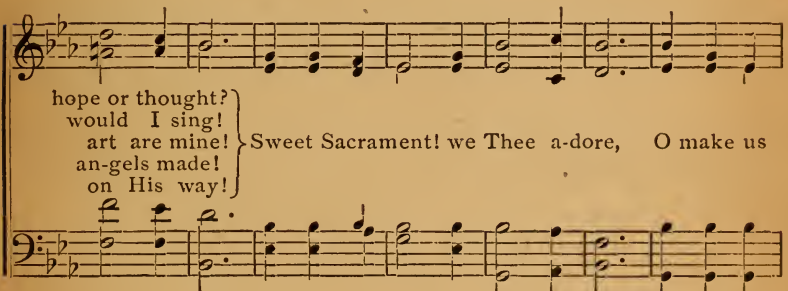
Samuel A. Baldwin.



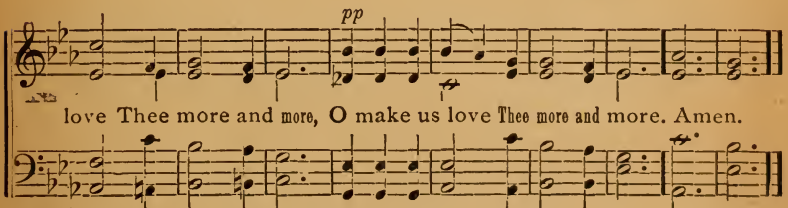
1. Jesus, my Lord, my God my all! How can I love Thee as I  
 2. Had I but Ma - ry's sin-less heart, To love Thee with, my dear-est  
 3. Thy Bod-y, Soul, and Godhead, all! O myste - ry of love di-  
 4. Sound, sound His praises high-er still, And come, ye Angels, to our  
 5. O earth grow flow'rs beneath His feet, And thou, O sun, shine bright this



ought? And how revere this wondrous gift, So far sur - pass - ing  
 King; Oh! with what bursts of fer-vent praise, Thy goodness, Je - sus  
 vine! — I can-not com-pass all I have, For all Thou hast and  
 aid, 'Tis God! 'tis God! the ver - y God, Whose pow'r both man and  
 day! He comes! He comes! O Hear'n on earth! Our Je - sus comes up-



hope or thought?  
 would I sing!  
 art are mine!  
 an-gels made!  
 on His way! } Sweet Sacrament! we Thee a-dore, O make us



love Thee more and more, O make us love Thee more and more. Amen.

(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

Copyrighted, 1894, by Samuel A. Baldwin.



# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

37.

IN THIS SACRAMENT SWEET JESUS.

SS, 7s.

German Melody.

1. In this Sa - cra - ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost give Thy  
2. Yes, dear Je - sus, I be - lieve it, And Thy presence

flesh and blood, With Thy soul and God - head  
I a - dore, And with all my heart I

al - so As our own most pre - cious food.  
love Thee, May I love Thee more and more. (A - men.)

3. Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,  
Give Thy flesh and blood to me;  
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,  
Come, my soul's true life to be.

4. Come, that I may live for ever,  
Thou in me and I in Thee  
Living thus, I shall not perish,  
But shall live eternally.

5. Blessed be the love of Jesus,  
Giving us His flesh and blood,  
Blessed be His Mother Mary,  
Mother ever kind and good.

6. Blessed be the great St. Joseph,  
Sing then with devotion true;  
"Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
Heart and life I give to you." Amen.

38.

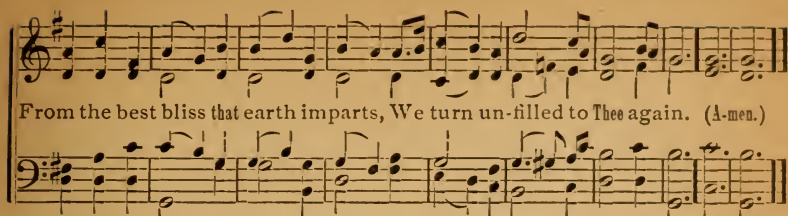
JESUS, THOU JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

L. M.

From Mozart.

1. Je-sus Thou Joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!

# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.



From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to Thee again. (A-men.)

2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; 4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Thou savest those that on Thee call; Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
To them that find Thee, All in All. Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

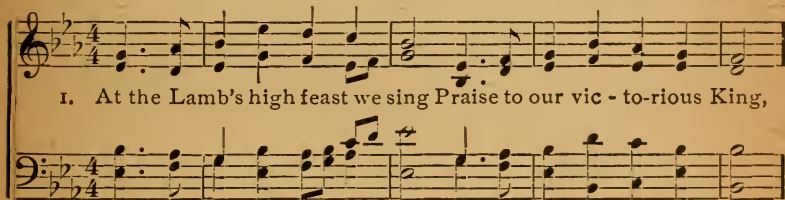
3. We taste Thee, O thou Living Bread, 5. O Jesus, ever with us stay;  
And long to feast upon Thee still; Make all our moments calm and bright;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, Chase the dark night of sin away,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill! Shed o'er the world Thy holy light! Amen.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

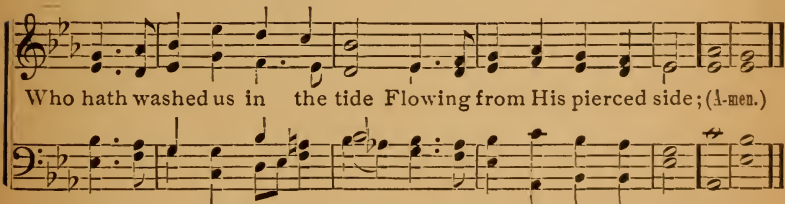
## 39. AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING.

7s.

Old French Melody.



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,



Who hath washed us in the tide Flowing from His pierced side; (A-men.)

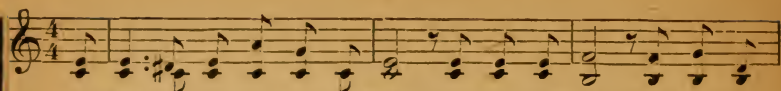
2. Praise we Him, whose love divine 4. Mighty Victim from the sky!  
Gives His sacred blood for wine, Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;  
Gives His body for the feast, Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest. Thou hast brought us life and light:

3. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, 5. Now no more can death appall,  
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread; Now no more the grave enthrall;  
With sincerity and love Thou hast opened paradise,  
Eat we manna from above. And in Thee Thy saints shall rise. Amen.

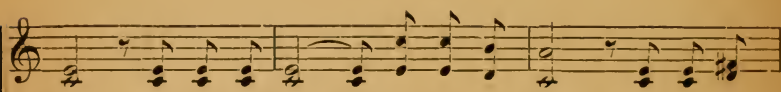
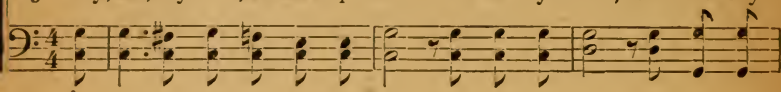
From Roman Breviary.

# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

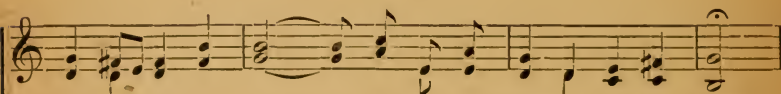
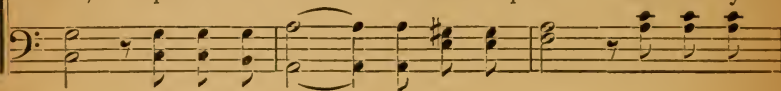
## 40. AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING SPRINGS.



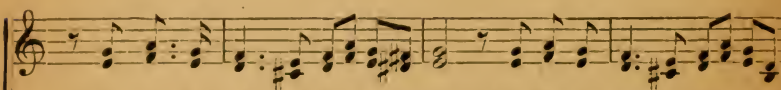
1. As pants the hart for cooling springs, Among the rocks, and bar-ren
2. My tears have flow'd by day and night, When I have felt Thy chast'ning
3. Where art Thou, Lord, my life, my all? Thou art a-bove, around with-
4. Joy! then and endless ju - bi - lee! Di-vine re-ward of faith and
5. Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed? God is thy drink, and He thy



sands, So doth my soul, O King of kings, Long for re-  
rod; But wick-ed men en-joy the sight, And mocking,  
in; What e'er be - tides, on Thee I call, To save me,  
love; I hear the strains of har-mo - ny From the Tri-  
food;— Bequeath'd to thee— His last be-quest— His Bo - dy



fresh-ment at Thy hands, Long for re-freshment at Thy hands.  
ask'd, "Where's now Thy God"? And, mocking, ask'd, "Where's now Thy God"?  
and to par-don sin, To save me, and to par-don sin.  
umphant Church a - bove, From the Triumphant Church above.  
and His Precious Blood, His Bo - dy and His Precious Blood



My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee, For Thee, the source of ev - 'ry



# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

grace. O when shall I Thy beauty see, When shall I

*riten.*

see Thee face to face, When shall I see Thee face to face? A-men.

## 41.

### ADORO TE DEVOTE.

Gregorian.

1. A-do-ro te de - vo - te, latens De-i-tas, Quæ sub his fi-  
2. Je - su quem ve - la - tum nunc a - spi - ci - o, O-ro fi - at

gu - ris ve-re la - ti - tas; Ti - bi se cor me - um totum  
il - lud, quod tam si - ti - o: Ut te re - ve - la - ta cernens

sub-ji-cit, Quia te contem - plans totum de - fi - cit.  
fa - ci - e, Visu sim be - a - tus tu - æ glo - ri - æ. A - men.



# THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

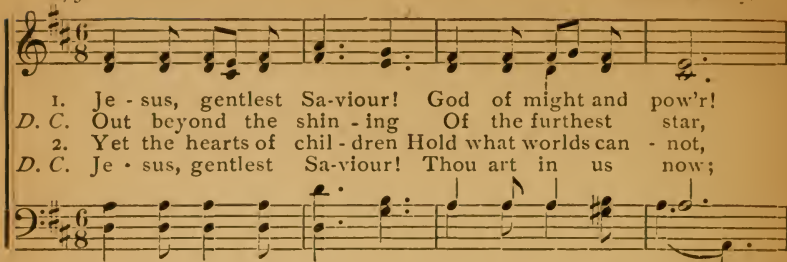
(Thanksgiving after Communion.)

42.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR.

6s, 5s.

French Melody.



1. Je - sus, gentlest Sa-viour! God of might and pow'r!  
 D. C. Out beyond the shin - ing Of the furthest star,  
 2. Yet the hearts of chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,  
 D. C. Je - sus, gentlest Sa-viour! Thou art in us now;

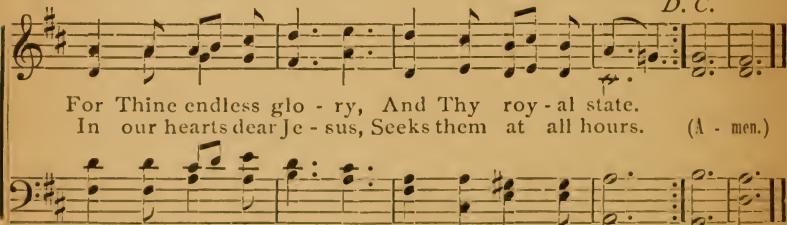
*Fine.*



Thou Thy-self art dwell - ing In us at this hour.  
 Thou art ev - er stretching In - fi - nite - ly far.  
 And the God of won - ders Loves a low - ly spot.  
 Fill us full of good-ness, Till our hearts o'er - flow.

Na-ture can-not hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait  
 As men to their gar - dens Go to seek sweet flowers,

*D. C.*



For Thine endless glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state.  
 In our hearts dear Je - sus, Seeks them at all hours. (A - men.)

3. Pray the prayer within us  
 That to heaven shall rise;  
 Sing the song that angels  
 Sing above the skies.  
 Multiply our graces,  
 Chiefly love and fear,  
 And, dear Lord! the chiefest—  
 Grace to persevere.  
 Oh, how can we thank Thee  
 For a gift like this,  
 Gift that truly maketh  
 Heav'n's eternal bliss.

4. Ah! when wilt Thou always  
 Make our hearts Thy home?  
 We must wait for heaven,—  
 Then the day will come.  
 Now at least we'll keep Thee  
 All the time we may;  
 But Thy Grace and blessing  
 We will keep always.  
 When our hearts Thou leavest,  
 Worthless though they be,  
 Give them to Thy Mother  
 To be kept for Thee. Amen.



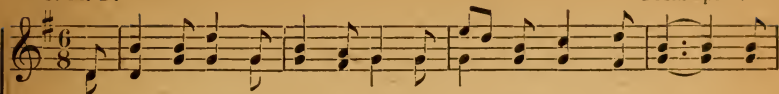
# THE SACRED HEART.

43.

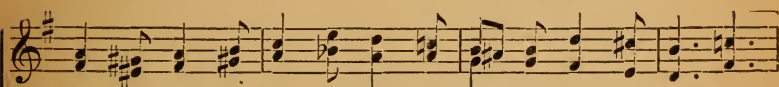
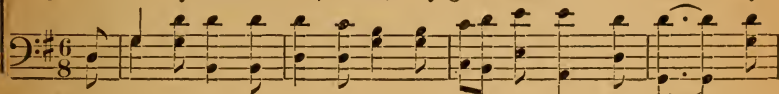
*I DWELL A CAPTIVE IN THIS HEART.*

C. M. D.

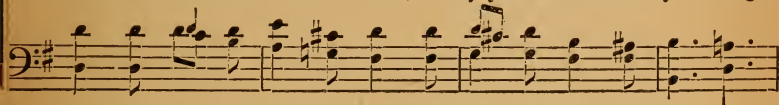
From Spohr.



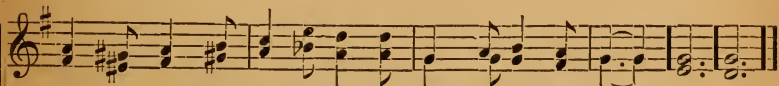
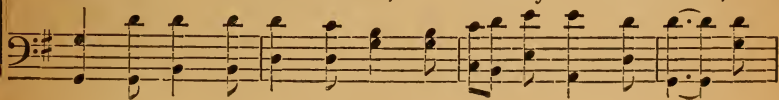
1. I dwell a captive in this Heart, Inflamed with love di - vine; 'Tis
2. Here like the dove with-in the Ark, Se-cure - ly I re - pose; Since
3. From every bond of earth, O Lord, Thy grace hath set me free; My



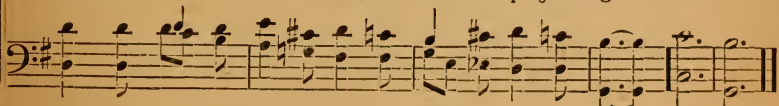
here I live a-lone in peace, And constant joy is mine. It  
now the Lord is my de-fence, I fear no earth-ly foes. What  
soul de - liv - ered from the snare, En - joys true lib - er - ty. Nought



is the Heart of God's own Son, In His human - i - ty, Who  
though I suf - fer, still in love I ev - er true will be; My  
more can I desire than this, To see Thy face in Heav'n; And



all en - amored of my soul, Here burns with love of me.  
love of God shall deeper grow, When cross - es fall on me.  
this I hope, since He on earth, His Heart in pledge hath giv'n. Amen.

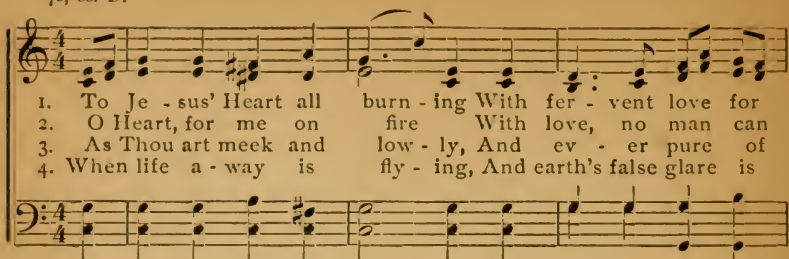


# THE SACRED HEART.

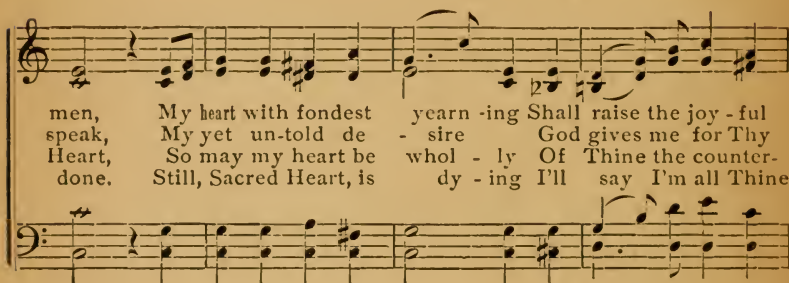
44.

TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

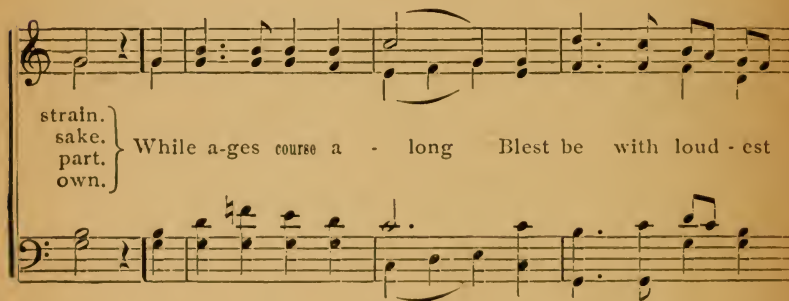
7s, 6s. D.



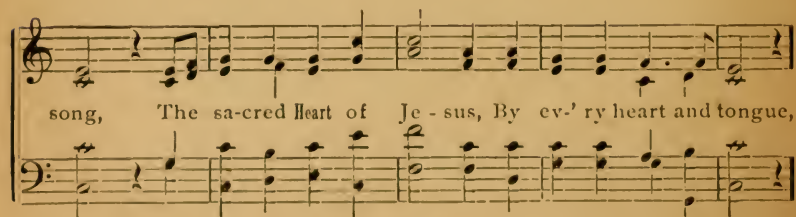
1. To Je - sus' Heart all burn - ing With fer - vent love for  
 2. O Heart, for me on fire With love, no man can  
 3. As Thou art meek and low - ly, And ev - er pure of  
 4. When life a - way is fly - ing, And earth's false glare is



men, My heart with fondest yearn - ing Shall raise the joy - ful  
 speak, My yet un - told de - sire God gives me for Thy  
 Heart, So may my heart be whol - ly Of Thine the counter -  
 done. Still, Sacred Heart, is dy - ing I'll say I'm all Thine



strain.  
 sake.  
 part.  
 own. } While a - ges course a - long Blest be with loud - est



song, The sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and tongue,

# THE SACRED HEART.

The Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and tongue. A-men.

45.

## O SACRED HEART.

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. O Sa-cred Heart! Our home lies deep in Thee, On  
 2. O Sa-cred Heart! Thou Fount of con-trite tears, Where-  
 3. O Sa-cred Heart! Our trust is all in Thee, For

earth Thou art an ex-ile's rest, In heav'n the glo - ry  
 'er those liv - ing wa - ters flow, New life to sin-ners  
 though earth's night be dark and drear, Thou breathest rest when

of the blest,  
 they be-stow, } O Sa-cred Heart! O Sacred Heart! (A-men.)  
 Thou art near, }

4. O Sacred Heart!  
 When shades of death shall fall,  
 Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care,  
 And save us from the tempters snare,  
 O Sacred Heart!

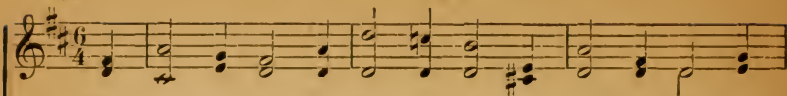
5. O Sacred Heart!  
 Lead exiled children home  
 Where we may ever rest near Thee,  
 In peace and joy eternally,  
 O Sacred Heart! Amen.

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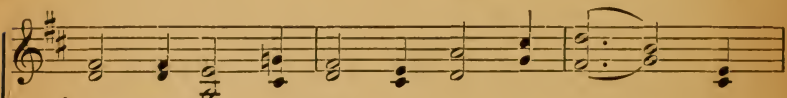
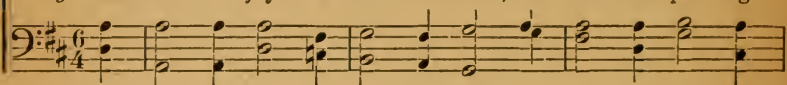
# THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

## 46. HAIL! JESUS, HAIL! WHO FOR MY SAKE.

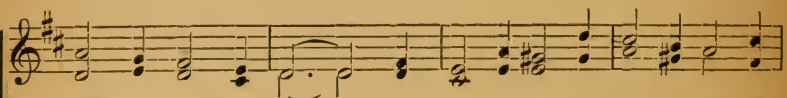
Ss, 6s.



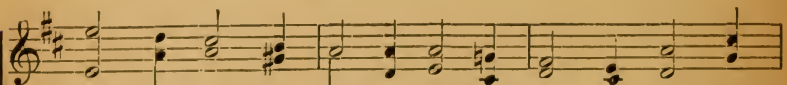
1. Hail! Je - sus, hail! who for my sake, Sweet Blood from Ma - ry's
2. To end - less a - ges let us praise The Precious Blood whose
3. O sweet - est Blood, that can im - plore The peace of God, and
4. Oh to be sprinkled from the wells Of Christ's own sa - cred
5. Ah! there is joy a - mid the saints, And hell's des - pair - ing



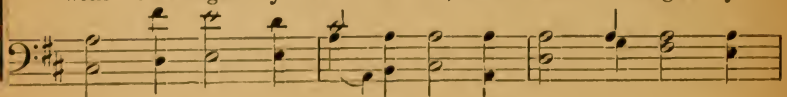
veins didst take, And shed - it all for me, And  
price could raise The world from wrath and sin, The  
heaven re - store, The heav'n which sin had lost, The  
Blood, ex - cels Earth's best and high - est bliss, Earth's  
cour - age faints When this sweet song we raise, When



shed it all for me; Oh bless - ed be my Saviour's Blood, My  
world from wrath and sin; Whose streams our inward thirst ap - pease, And  
heav'n which sin had lost; While A - bel's blood for vengeance pleads, What  
best and high - est bliss: The min - is - ters of wrath divine, Hurt  
this sweet song we raise; Oh louder then, and louder still, Earth

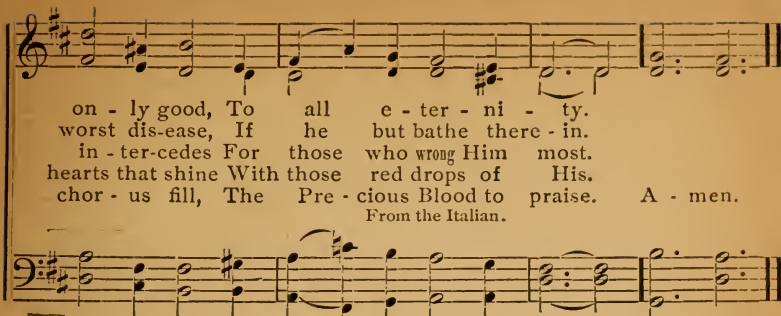


life, my light, my on - ly good, My life, my light, my  
heal the sin - ner's worst disease, And heal the sin - ner's  
Je - sus shed still in - ter - cedes, What Je - sus shed still  
not the hap - py hearts that shine, Hurt not the hap - py  
with one might - y chor - us fill, Earth with one might - y





# THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.



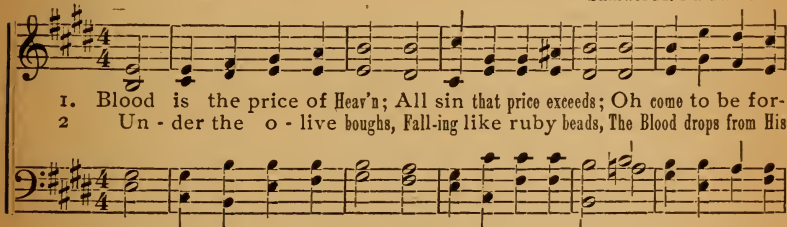
on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 worst dis-ease, If he but bathe there - in.  
 in - ter-cedes For those who wrong Him most.  
 hearts that shine With those red drops of His.  
 chor - us fill, The Pre - cious Blood to praise. A - men.  
 From the Italian.

47.

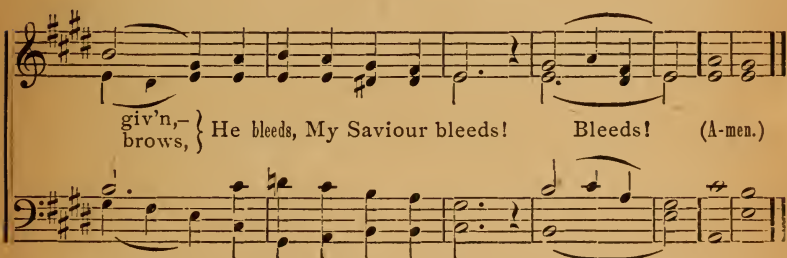
## BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF HEAVEN.

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.



1. Blood is the price of Hear'n; All sin that price exceeds; Oh come to be for-  
 2 Un - der the o - live boughs, Fall-ing like ruby beads, The Blood drops from His



giv'n, - } He bleeds, My Saviour bleeds! Bleeds! (A-men.)  
 brows, }

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 3. While the fierce scourges fall,<br>The Precious Blood still pleads:<br>In front of Pilate's hall<br>He bleeds, etc. | 6. He hangs upon the tree,<br>Hangs there for my misdeeds:<br>He sheds His Blood for me,<br>He bleeds, etc.            |
| 4. Beneath the thorny crown<br>The crimson fountain speeds;<br>See how it trickles down,—<br>He bleeds, etc.           | 7. His Blood is flowing still;<br>My thirsty soul it feeds;<br>He lets me drink my fill;<br>He bleeds, etc.            |
| 5. Bearing the fatal wood<br>His band of saints He leads,<br>Marking the way with Blood;<br>He bleeds, etc.            | 8. O sweet! O Precious Blood!<br>What love, what love it breeds,<br>Ransom, Reward, and Food,<br>He bleeds, etc. Amen. |

# THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—HOLY BAPTISM.

## 48.

*WE COME TO THEE, SWEET SAVIOUR.*

78, 68, D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

1. { We come to Thee, sweet Saviour! Just because we need Thee so: }  
 { None need Thee more than we do: Nor are half so vile or low. }

O boun-ti - ful sal - va-tion! O life e - ter - nal won! O

plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion! O blood of Mary's Son! (A - men.)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!<br/>             With our broken faith again;<br/>             We know Thou wilt forgive us,<br/>             Nor upbraid us, nor complain.<br/>             O bountiful salvation! etc.</p>    | <p>4. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!<br/>             For to whom, Lord, can we go?<br/>             The words of life eternal<br/>             From Thy lips for ever flow.<br/>             O bountiful Salvation! etc.</p>        |
| <p>3. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!<br/>             It is love that makes us come:<br/>             We are certain of our welcome,<br/>             Of our Father's welcome home.<br/>             O bountiful salvation! etc.</p> | <p>5. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!<br/>             And Thou wilt not ask us why:<br/>             We cannot live without Thee,<br/>             And still less without Thee die.<br/>             O bountiful salvation! etc.</p> |

## 49.

*IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR.*

C. M.

From Spohr.

1. In token that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own, We  
 2. In token that thou shalt not blush To glo - ry in His Name, We

# HOLY MATRIMONY.

print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone.  
bla - zon here up - on thy front His glor - y and His shame. (A - men.)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 3. In token that thou too shalt tread<br>The path He travell'd by,<br>Endure the cross, despise the shame,<br>And sit thee down on high; | 4. Thus outwardly and visibly<br>We seal thee for His own;<br>And may the brow that wears His cross<br>Hereafter share His crown. Amen. |
|--|---|

## 50. THE VOICE THAT BREATH'D O'ER EDEN.

7s, 6s.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear-liest wed-ding - day, The

pri - mal marriage bless-ing, It hath not pass'd a-way. (A - men.)

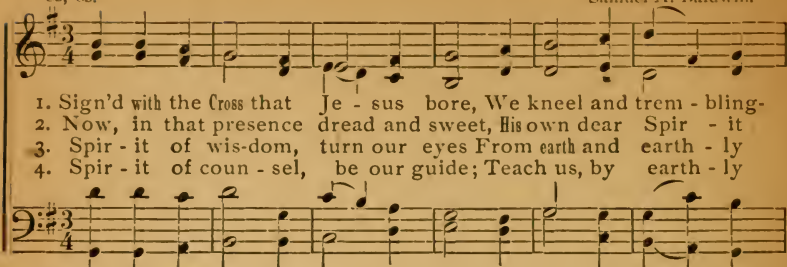
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2. Still in the pure espousal<br>Of Christian man and maid,<br>The holy Three are with us,<br>The threefold grace is said. | 5. Be present, holiest Spirit,<br>To bless them as they kneel,<br>As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,<br>The heavenly spouse dost seal!  |
| 3. Be present, awful Father,<br>To give away this bride,<br>As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam<br>Out of His own pierced side.     | 6. O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,<br>Let no ill power find place,<br>When onward to Thine altar<br>Their hallow'd path they trace,    |
| 4. Be present, Son of Mary,<br>To join their loving hands,<br>As Thou didst bind two natures<br>In Thine eternal bands!    | 7. To cast their crowns before Thee<br>In perfect sacrifice,<br>Till to the home of gladness<br>With Christ's own Bride they rise. Amen. |

# CONFIRMATION.

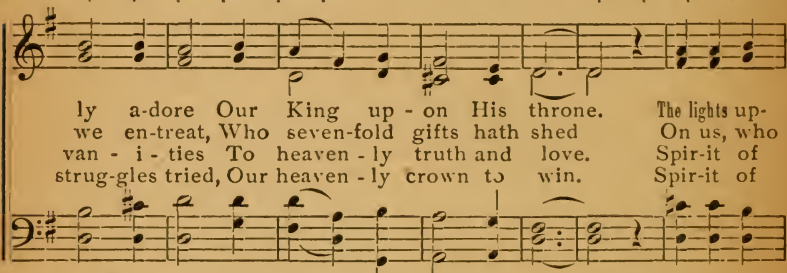
## 51. *SIGN'D WITH THE CROSS THAT JESUS BORE.*

Ss, 6s.

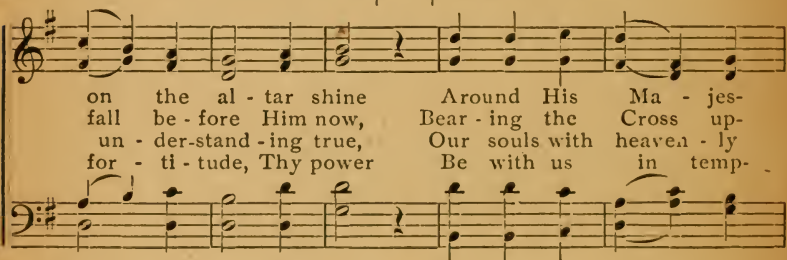
Samuel A. Baldwin.



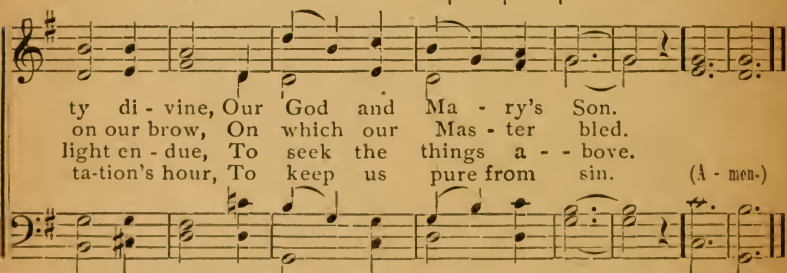
1. Sign'd with the Cross that Je - sus bore, We kneel and trem - bling -  
 2. Now, in that presence dread and sweet, His own dear Spir - it  
 3. Spir - it of wis - dom, turn our eyes From earth and earth - ly  
 4. Spir - it of coun - sel, be our guide; Teach us, by earth - ly



ly a-dore Our King up - on His throne. The lights up -  
 we en-treat, Who seven-fold gifts hath shed On us, who  
 van - i - ties To heaven - ly truth and love. Spir - it of  
 strug-gles tried, Our heaven - ly crown to win. Spir - it of



on the al - tar shine Around His Ma - jes -  
 fall be - fore Him now, Bear - ing the Cross up -  
 un - der-stand - ing true, Our souls with heave - ly  
 for - ti - tude, Thy power Be with us in temp -



ty di - vine, Our God and Ma - ry's Son.  
 on our brow, On which our Mas - ter bled.  
 light en - due, To seek the things a - bove.  
 ta - tion's hour, To keep us pure from sin. (A - men.)

5. Spirit of knowledge, lead our feet 6. But most of all, be ever near,  
 In Thine own paths so safe and sweet, Spirit of God's most holy fear,  
 By angel footsteps trod; Within our inmost shrine;  
 Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be, Our souls with awful rev'rence fill,  
 Spirit of gentle piety, To worship His most holy Will,  
 To keep us close to God. All righteous and divine. Amen.



# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

## 52. HAIL QUEEN OF HEAVEN, THE OCEAN STAR.

Ss. 61.

English Melody.

1. Hail! Queen of Heaven, the o - cean star, Guide of the wan-d'rer  
 2. O gen - tle, chaste and spotless maid, We sinners make our

here be - low: Tossed on life's surge we claim thy care;  
 prayers through Thee; Re - mind thy Son that He has paid

Save us from per - il and from woe. Moth - er of Christ,  
 The price for our in - i - qui - ty. Vir - gin most pure,

Star of the Sea, Pray for the wan-d'rer, pray for me.  
 Star of the Sea. Pray for the sin-ner, pray for me. (A-men.)

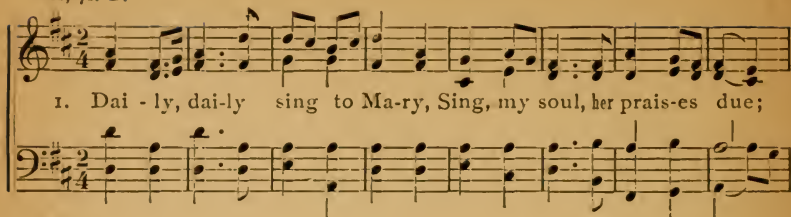
3. Sojourners in this vale of tears  
 To thee, blest advocate, we cry;  
 Pity our sorrows, calm our fear,  
 And soothe with hope our misery.  
 Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,  
 Pray for the mourner, pray for me.
4. And while to Him who reigns above,  
 In God-head one; in Person, Three;  
 The source of life, of grace, of love,  
 Homage we pay on bended knee;  
 Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the Sea  
 Pray for thy children, pray for me.

# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

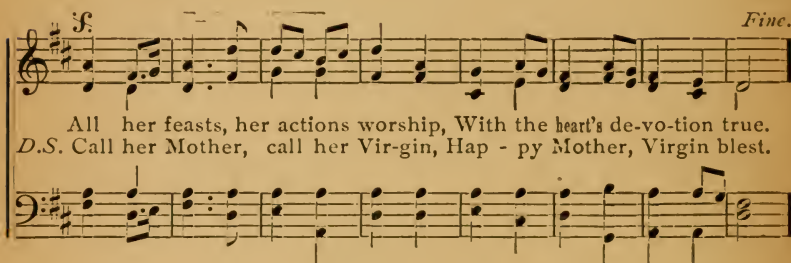
53.

*DAILY, DAILY SING TO MARY.*

*Ss, 7s. D.*

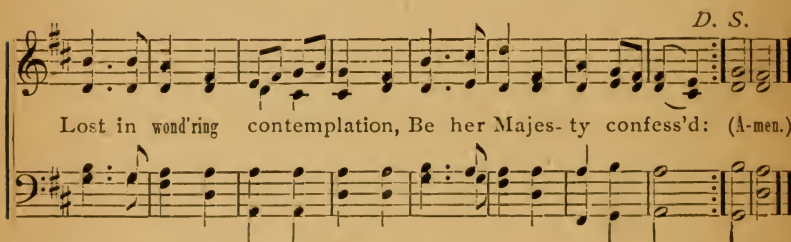


1. Dai - ly, dai-ly sing to Ma-ry, Sing, my soul, her prais-es due;



*Fine.*

All her feasts, her actions worship, With the heart's de-votion true.  
*D.S.* Call her Mother, call her Vir-gin, Hap - py Mother, Virgin blest.



*D. S.*

Lost in wond'ring contemplation, Be her Majes-ty confess'd: (*A-men.*)

2. She is mighty to deliver;  
 Call her, trust her lovingly;  
 When the tempest rages round thee,  
 She will calm the troubled sea.  
 Gifts of Heaven she has given,  
 Noble Lady, to our race:  
 She, the Queen, who decks her subjects,  
 With the light of God's own grace.
3. Sing, my tongue The Virgin's trophies,  
 Who for us her Maker bore,  
 For the curse of old inflicted,  
 Peace and blessing to restore.  
 Sing in songs of praise unending,  
 Sing the world's majestic Queen:  
 Weary not nor faint in telling,  
 All the gifts she gives to men. Amen.

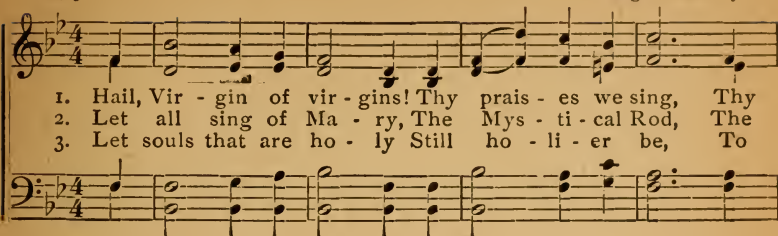
# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

54.

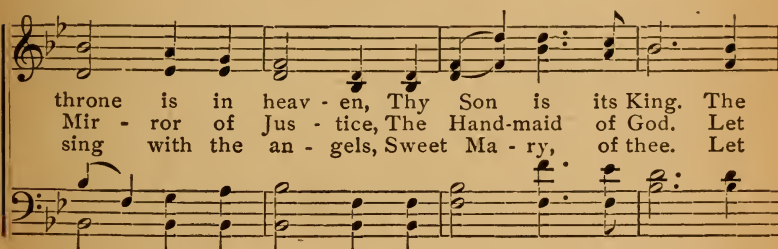
## HAIL VIRGIN OF VIRGINS.

6s, 5s. D.

English Melody.



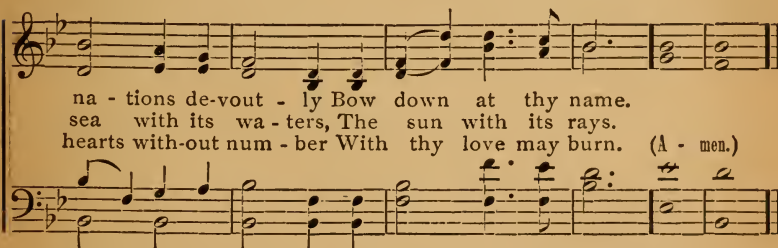
1. Hail, Vir - gin of vir - gins! Thy prais - es we sing, Thy  
 2. Let all sing of Ma - ry, The Mys - ti - cal Rod, The  
 3. Let souls that are ho - ly Still ho - li - er be, To



throne is in heav - en, Thy Son is its King. The  
 Mir - ror of Jus - tice, The Hand-maid of God. Let  
 sing with the an - gels, Sweet Ma - ry, of thee. Let



saints and the an - gels Thy glo - ry proclaim; All  
 val - ley and moun - tain U - nite in her praise, The  
 all who are sin - ners To vir - tue re - turn, That



na - tions de - vout - ly Bow down at thy name.  
 sea with its wa - ters, The sun with its rays.  
 hearts with - out num - ber With thy love may burn. (A - men.)

4. Thy name is our power,  
 Thy love is our light;  
 We praise thee at morning,  
 At noon and at night.  
 We thank thee, we bless thee,  
 When happy and free;  
 When tempted by Satan,  
 We call upon thee.

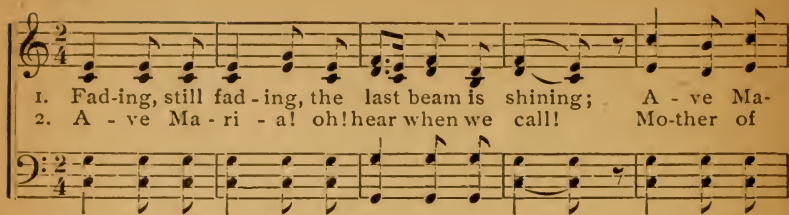
5. Oh! be thou our Mother,  
 And pray to the Lord,  
 That all may acknowledge  
 And worship His word.  
 That good men with courage  
 May walk in His ways,  
 And bad men, converted,  
 May join in His praise. Amen.

# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

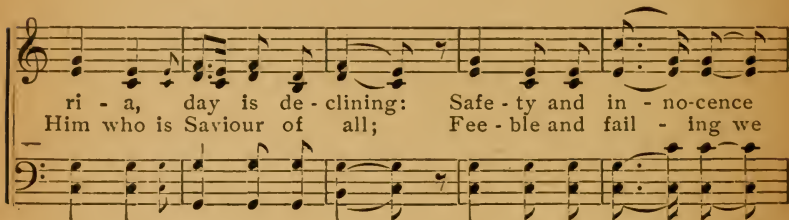
55.

*FADING, STILL FADING.*

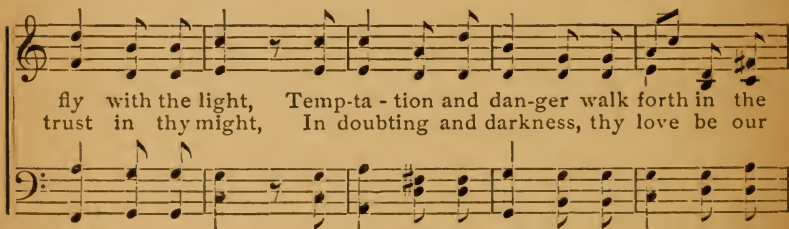
P. M.



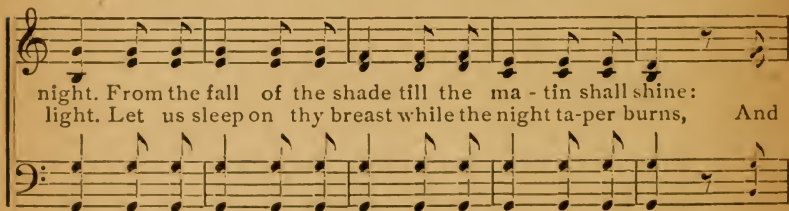
1. Fad-ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; A - ve Ma-  
2. A - ve Ma - ri - a! oh! hear when we call! Mo-ther of



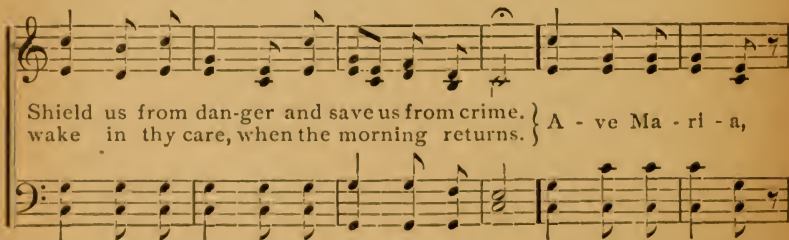
ri - a, day is de - clining: Safe - ty and in - no - cence  
Him who is Saviour of all; Fee - ble and fail - ing we



fly with the light, Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth in the  
trust in thy might, In doubting and darkness, thy love be our



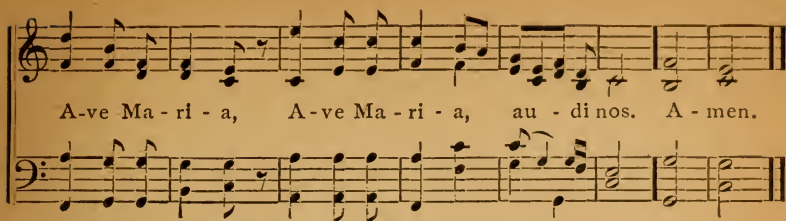
night. From the fall of the shade till the ma - tin shall shine:  
light. Let us sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per burns, And



Shield us from dan - ger and save us from crime. } A - ve Ma - ri - a,  
wake in thy care, when the morning returns. }



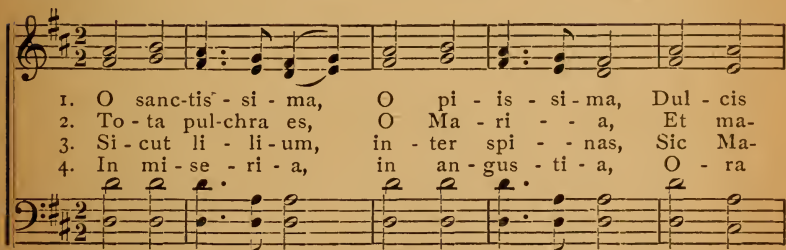
# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



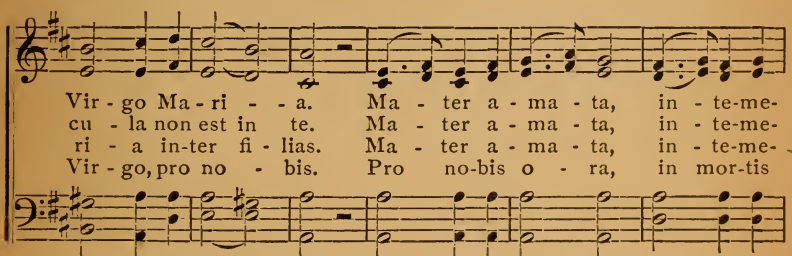
A-ve Ma-ri-a, A-ve Ma-ri-a, au-di-nos. A-men.

56.

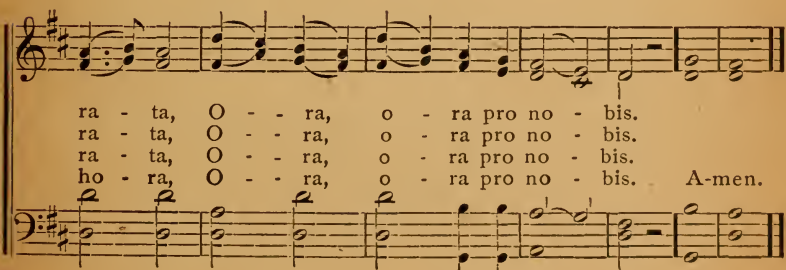
## O SANCTISSIMA.



1. O sanc-tis-si-ma, O pi-is-si-ma, Dul-cis  
2. To-ta pul-chra es, O Ma-ri-a, Et ma-  
3. Si-cut li-li-um, in-ter spi-nas, Sic Ma-  
4. In mi-se-ri-a, in an-gus-ti-a, O-ra



Vir-go Ma-ri-a. Ma-ter a-ma-ta, in-te-me-  
cu-la non est in-te. Ma-ter a-ma-ta, in-te-me-  
ri-a in-ter fi-lias. Ma-ter a-ma-ta, in-te-me-  
Vir-go, pro no-bis. Pro no-bis o-ra, in mor-tis

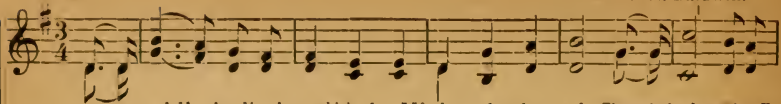


ra-ta, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis.  
ra-ta, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis.  
ra-ta, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis.  
ho-ra, O-ra, o-ra pro no-bis. A-men.

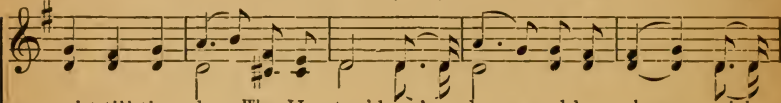
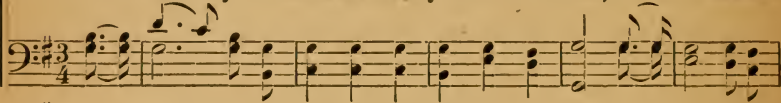
## 57. ALL IS DIVINE WHICH THE HIGHEST HATH MADE.

P. M.

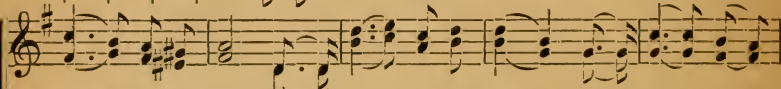
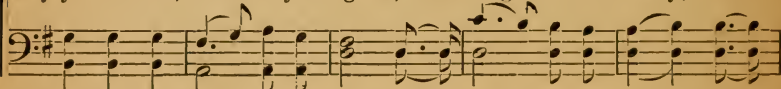
Samuel A. Baldwin.



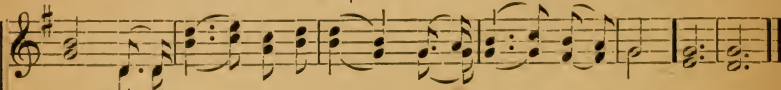
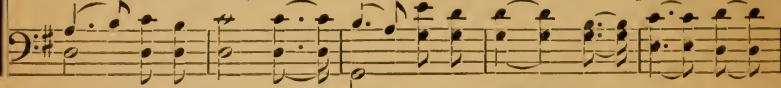
1. All is di-vine which the Highest hath made Through the days that He
2. In beau - ty surpassing the u-ni-verse smiled, On the morn of its
3. Yet worlds brighter still and a brighter than those And a brighter a-
4. But I know of one work of His In - fi - nite Hand Which special and
5. The fresh-ness of May and the sweetness of June, And the fire of Ju-
6. O Ma - ry all months and all days are thine own, In thee lasts their



wrought till the day When He stay'd; A - bove and be - low, with  
birth, like an in - nocent child, - Or like the rich bloom of some  
gain, He had made, had He chose; And you never could name that con-  
sin-gu-lar ev - er must stand; So per - fect, so pure, and of  
joy in its pass-ion-ate noon, Mu - ni - ficent August, Sep-  
joy - ousness, when they are gone, And we give to thee May, not be-



in and a-round, From the centre of space to its ut-ter - most  
de - licate flow'r; And the Fa-ther re - joic'd in the work of His  
ceiv - a-ble best, To ex-haust the re-sources the maker pos-  
gits such a store, That e - ven Om - ni-po - tence ne'er shall do  
tem-ber se-rene, Are to-geth - er no match for my glori - ous  
cause it is best, But be-cause it comes first and is pledge of the



bound; from the cen - tre of space to its ut-ter-most bound.  
power; And the Fa-ther re-joic'd in the work of His pow'r.  
sess'd; To ex - haust the re-sources the Maker pos - sess'd.  
more; That e - ven Omni-po - tence ne'er shall do more.  
Queen; Are to-geth - er no match for my glori - ous Queen.  
rest; But be - cause it comes first and is pledge of the rest. Amen.

Cardinal Newman.

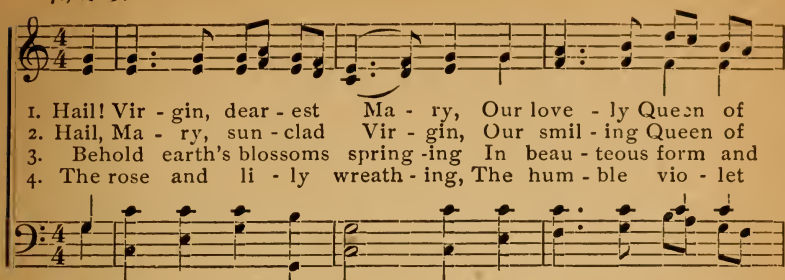


# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

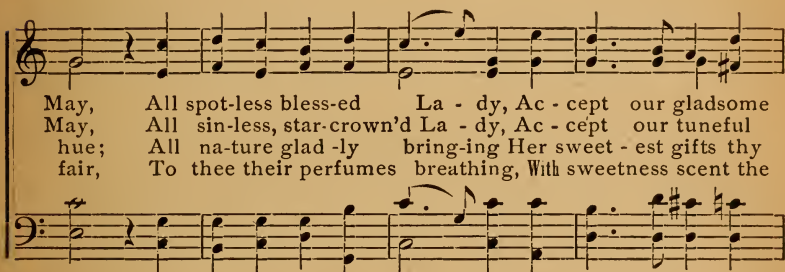
58.

## HAIL VIRGIN, DEAREST MARY.

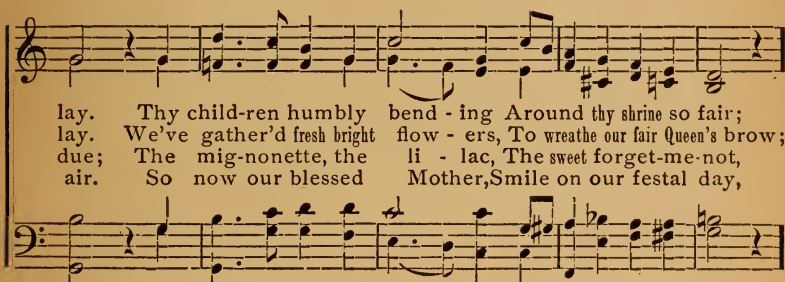
78, 64 J.



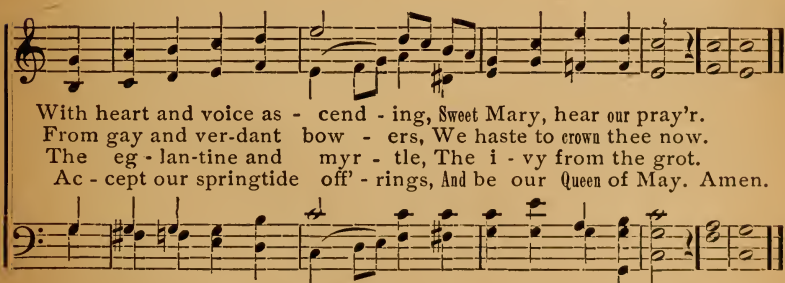
1. Hail! Vir - gin, dear - est Ma - ry, Our love - ly Queen of  
 2. Hail, Ma - ry, sun - clad Vir - gin, Our smil - ing Queen of  
 3. Behold earth's blossoms spring - ing In beau - teous form and  
 4. The rose and li - ly wreath - ing, The hum - ble vio - let



May, All spot-less bless-ed La - dy, Ac - cept our gladsome  
 May, All sin-less, star-crown'd La - dy, Ac - cept our tuneful  
 hue; All na-ture glad - ly bring-ing Her sweet - est gifts thy  
 fair, To thee their perfumes breathing, With sweetness scent the



lay. Thy child-ren humbly bend - ing Around thy shrine so fair;  
 lay. We've gather'd fresh bright flow - ers, To wreath our fair Queen's brow;  
 due; The mig-nonette, the li - lac, The sweet forget-me-not,  
 air. So now our blessed Mother, Smile on our festal day,



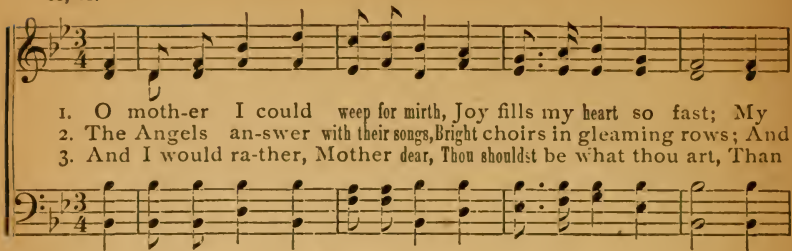
With heart and voice as - cend - ing, Sweet Mary, hear our pray'r.  
 From gay and ver-dant bow - ers, We haste to crown thee now.  
 The eg - lan-tine and myr - tle, The i - vy from the grot.  
 Ac - cept our springtide off' - rings, And be our Queen of May. Amen.

# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

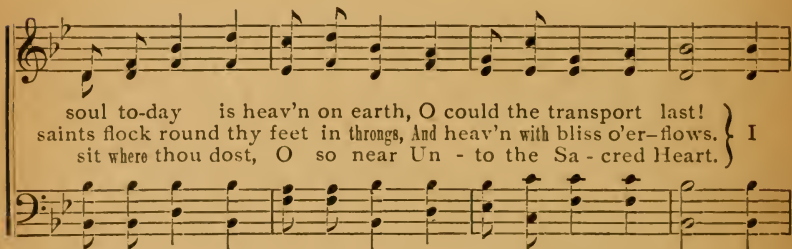
59.

IMMACULATE! IMMACULATE!

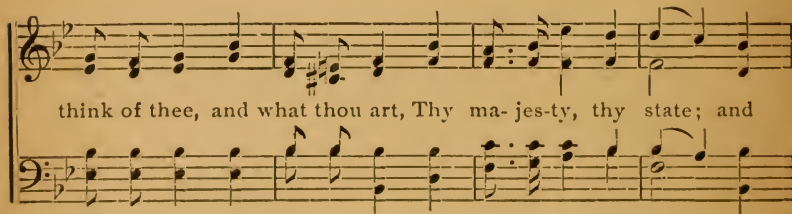
SS, GS.



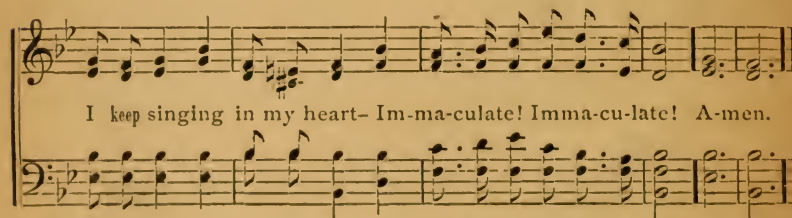
1. O moth-er I could weep for mirth, Joy fills my heart so fast; My  
 2. The Angels an-swer with their songs, Bright choirs in gleaming rows; And  
 3. And I would ra-ther, Mother dear, Thou shouldst be what thou art, Than



soul to-day is heav'n on earth, O could the transport last!  
 saints flock round thy feet in throngs, And heav'n with bliss o'er-flows. } I  
 sit where thou dost, O so near Un - to the Sa - cred Heart.



think of thee, and what thou art, Thy ma-jes-ty, thy state; and



I keep singing in my heart- Im-ma-culate! Imma-cu-late! A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4. Yes, I would forfeit all for thee,<br/>         Rather than thou shouldst miss<br/>         One jewel from thy majesty,<br/>         One glory from thy bliss.<br/>         I think of thee, etc.</p> | <p>5. Conceived, conceived Immaculate!<br/>         O what a joy for thee!<br/>         Conceived, conceived Immaculate!<br/>         O greater joy for me!<br/>         I think of thee, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

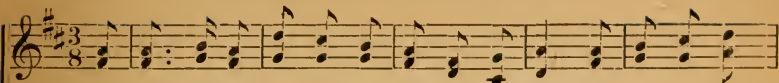


# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

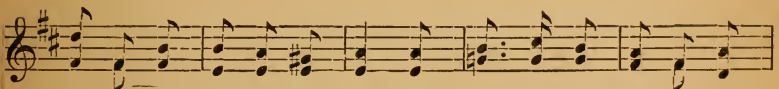
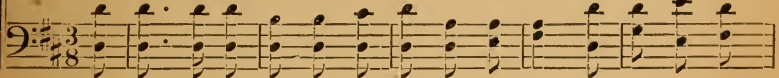
60.

O PUREST OF CREATURES.

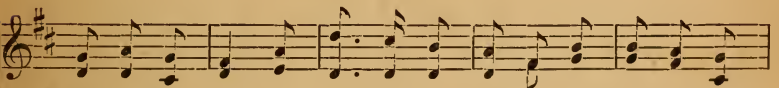
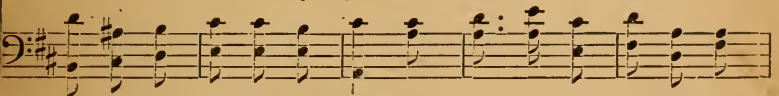
IIS.



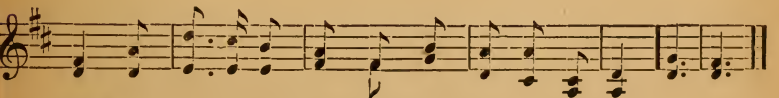
1. O pur - est of creatures; sweet Mother, sweet Maid! The one spotless
2. To sin - ners what com - fort, to an - gels What mirth; That God found one
3. So wor - ship we God in these rude latter days; So worship we
4. Deep night hath come down on us Mother! deep night, We need more than



womb wherein Je - sus was laid, Dark night hath come down on us  
crea - ture un - fall - en on earth, One spot where His Spir - it un -  
Je - sus our Love when we praise His won - der - ful grace in the  
ev - er the guide of thy light; For the darker the night is, the



Moth - er, and we, Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the  
troubled could be, The depth of thy shining, sweet Star of the  
gifts He gave thee, The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the  
bright - er should be Thy beau - ti - ful shining, sweet Star of the



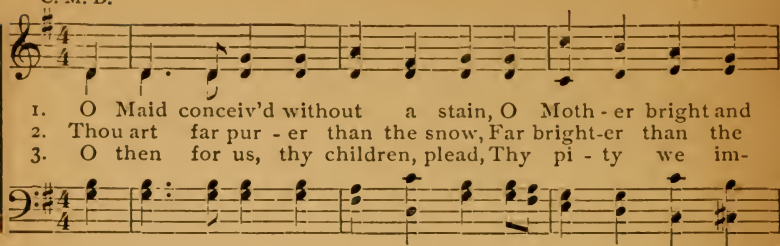
Sea, Look out for thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea.  
Sea, The depth of thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea.  
Sea, The gift of clear shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea.  
Sea, Thy beau - ti - ful shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea. A - men.



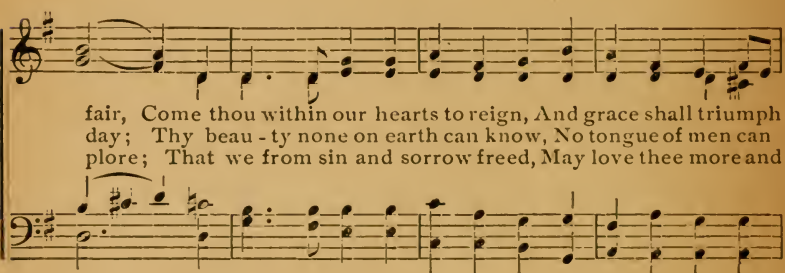
# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

## 61. O MAID CONCEIVED WITHOUT A STAIN.

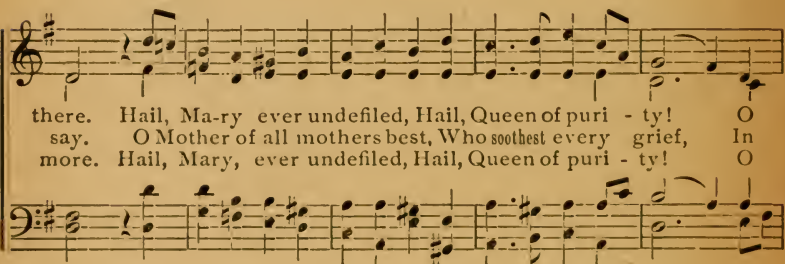
C. M. D.



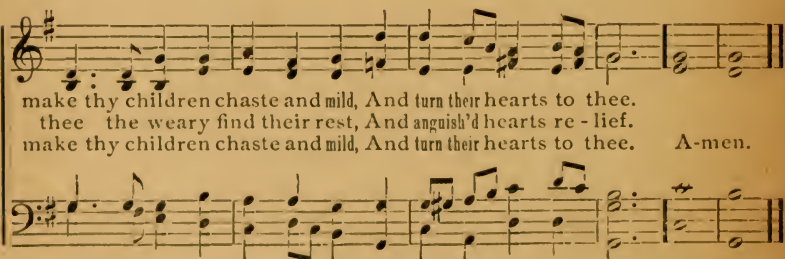
1. O Maid conceiv'd without a stain, O Moth - er bright and  
 2. Thou art far pur - er than the snow, Far bright - er than the  
 3. O then for us, thy children, plead, Thy pi - ty we im-



fair, Come thou within our hearts to reign, And grace shall triumph  
 day; Thy beau - ty none on earth can know, No tongue of men can  
 plore; That we from sin and sorrow freed, May love thee more and



there. Hail, Ma-ry ever undefiled, Hail, Queen of puri - ty! O  
 say. O Mother of all mothers best, Who soothest every grief, In  
 more. Hail, Mary, ever undefiled, Hail, Queen of puri - ty! O



make thy children chaste and mild, And turn their hearts to thee.  
 thee the weary find their rest, And anguish'd hearts re - lief.  
 make thy children chaste and mild, And turn their hearts to thee. A-men.

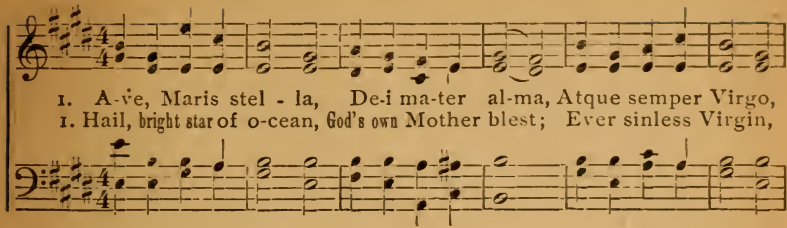
# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

62.

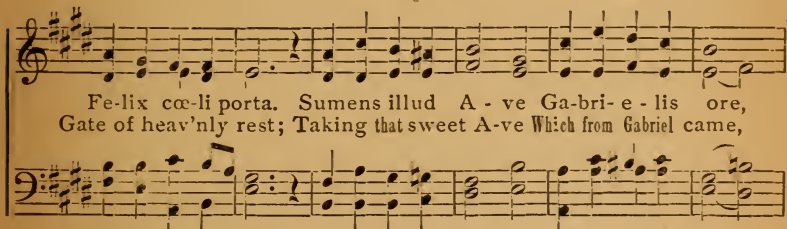
## AVE MARIS STELLA.

6s, 5s. D.

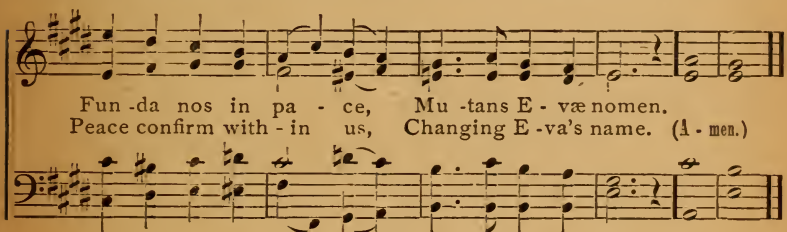
(HAIL, BRIGHT STAR OF OCEAN.)



1. A-ve, Maris stel - la, De-i ma-ter al-ma, Atque semper Virgo,  
1. Hail, bright star of o-cean, God's own Mother blest; Ever sinless Virgin,



Fe-lix cœ-li porta. Sumens illud A - ve Ga-bri - e - lis ore,  
Gate of heav'nly rest; Taking that sweet A-ve Which from Gabriel came,



Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mu - tans E - væ nomen.  
Peace confirm with - in us, Changing E - va's name. (A - men.)

2. Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.  
Monstra te esse matrem  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

2. Break the captive's fetters;  
Light on blindness pour;  
All our ills expelling  
Ev'ry bliss implore.  
Show thyself a mother;  
May the Word divine  
Born for us thine Infant,  
Hear our prayers thro' thine.

3. Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos,  
Mites fac et castos.  
Vitam præsta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut videntes Jesum  
Semper collætémur.

3. Virgin all excelling,  
Mildest of the mild,  
Freed from guilt, preserve us  
Meek and undefiled;  
Keep our life all spotless,  
Make our way secure,  
Till we find in Jesus  
Joy for evermore.

(Sing following stanza to first eight measures.)

4. Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spiritui Sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

(Sing following stanza to first eight measures.)

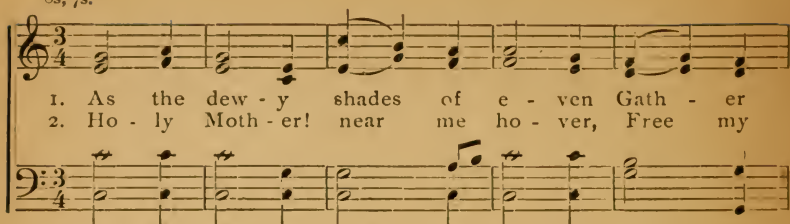
4. Through the highest Heaven  
To the Almighty Three,  
Father, Son and Spirit,  
One same glory be. Amen.

# THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

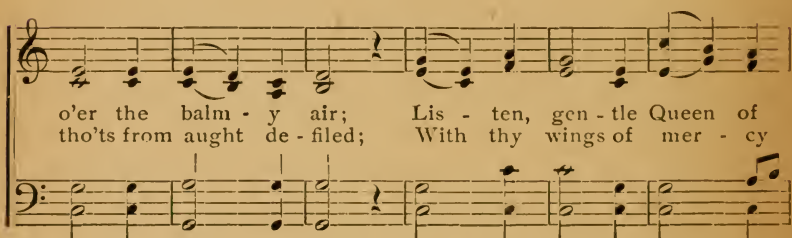
63.

AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN.

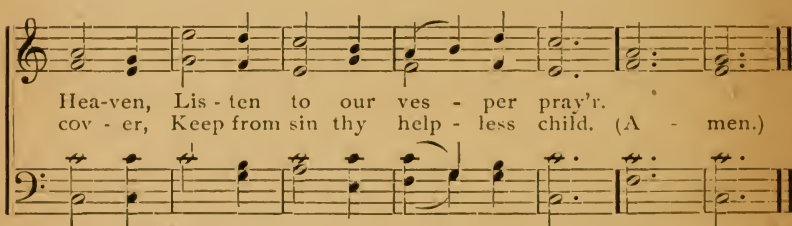
Ss, 7s.



1. As the dew - y shades of e - ven Gath - er  
2. Ho - ly Moth - er! near me ho - ver, Free my



o'er the balm - y air; Lis - ten, gen - tle Queen of  
tho'ts from aught de - filed; With thy wings of mer - cy



Hea - ven, Lis - ten to our ves - per pray'r.  
cov - er, Keep from sin thy help - less child. (A - men.)

3. Thine own sinless heart was broken,  
Sorrow's sword had pierced its core;  
Holy Mother! by that token,  
Now thy pity I implore.
4. Queen of heaven guard and guide me,  
Save my soul from dark despair;  
In thy tender bosom hide me,  
Take me, Mother, to thy care. Amen.



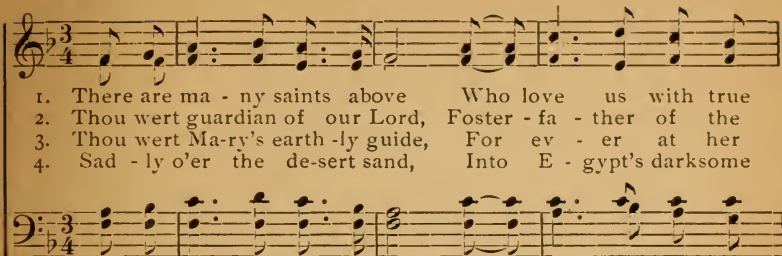
# ST. JOSEPH.

64.

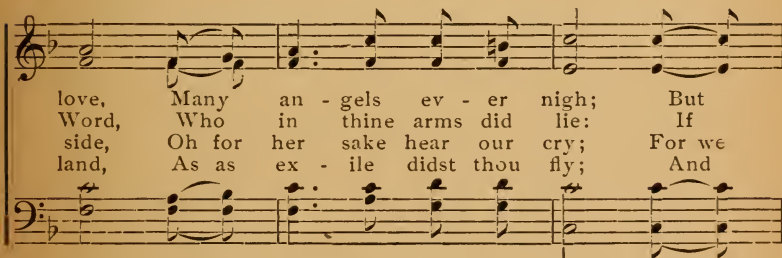
THERE ARE MANY SAINTS ABOVE.

P. M.

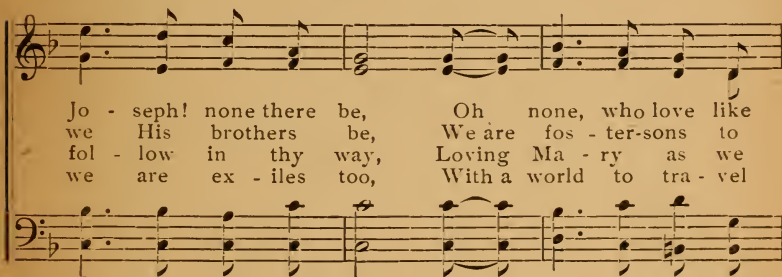
Samuel A. Baldwin.



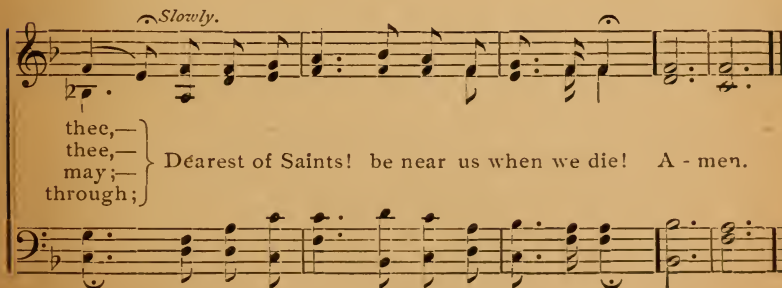
1. There are ma - ny saints above      Who love us with true  
 2. Thou wert guardian of our Lord, Foster - fa - ther of the  
 3. Thou wert Ma-ry's earth - ly guide, For ev - er at her  
 4. Sad - ly o'er the de-sert sand, Into E - gypt's darksome



love, Many an - gels ev - er nigh; But  
 Word, Who in thine arms did lie: If  
 side, Oh for her sake hear our cry; For we  
 land, As as ex - ile didst thou fly; And



Jo - seph! none there be, Oh none, who love like  
 we His brothers be, We are fos - ter-sons to  
 fol - low in thy way, Loving Ma - ry as we  
 we are ex - iles too, With a world to tra - vel



*Slowly.*  
 thee,—  
 thee,—  
 may;—  
 through; } Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die! A - men.

# ST. JOSEPH.

65.

*HAIL, HOLY JOSEPH HAIL!*

6s.

1. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Chaste spouse of Ma - ry, hail! Pure  
 2. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Father of Christ es - teemed, Fa-  
 3. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Prince of the House of God, May  
 4. Hail! ho - ly Jo-seph, hail! Help of the need-y, hail! Cheer

as the li - ly flow'r In E-den's peace-ful vale.  
 ther be thou to those Thy Foster - Son redeemed.  
 His best wishes be By thy sweet hands bestow'd.  
 thou the hearts that faint, And guide the steps that fail. Amen.

66.

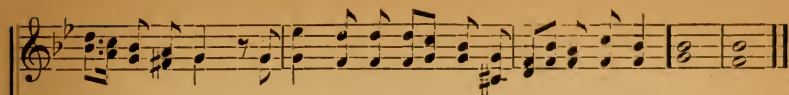
*DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY.*

11s.

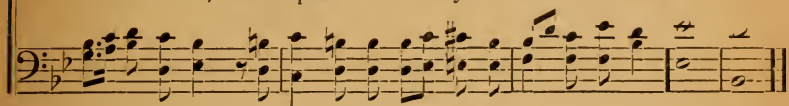
1. Dear Guardian of Ma-ry! dear nurse of her Child! Life's  
 2. For thou to the pil-grim art fa - ther and guide, And  
 3. O bless - ed Saint Jo-seph! how great was thy worth, The  
 4. When the treasures of God were un-sheltered on earth, Safe

ways are full weary, the desert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no  
 Je - sus and Mary felt safe at thy side; Ah! blessed Saint Joseph, how  
 one chos-en shadow of God up-on earth; The father of Je - sus—ah!  
 keeping was found for them both in thy worth; O father of Je - sus! be

# ST. JOSEPH.



home can we see; Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.  
 safe should I be, Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me.  
 then wilt thou be, Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me.  
 fa-ther to me, Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee. A-men.

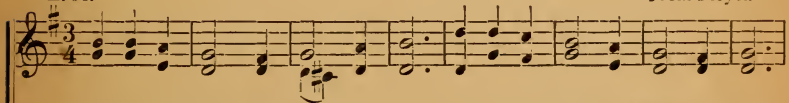


67.

## JOY OF THE SAINTS.

L. M.

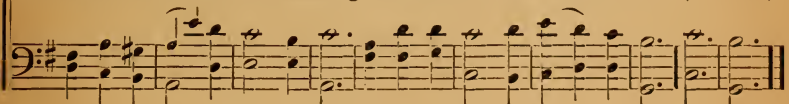
From Pleyel.



1. Joy of the Saints! who didst uphold Our life's sure hope, the world's one stay,
2. The great Crea- tor made it thine To be the spouse of pur-est maid,
3. Thou seest with joy in man-ger lie The Saviour sung by seers of yore,



Joseph! as now thy praise is told, Hearken to us in love to-day.  
 And father of the Word divine In name, salvation's work to aid.  
 And him, the Son of God most high In lowliness thou didst adore. (A-men.)



4. The King of kings, the Lord of lords,  
 The God whom heaven in awe attends,  
 Whose nod makes trembling demons fall,  
 To thee in meek submission bends.
5. To God most high, the Three in One  
 Be praise, who gave such grace to thee.  
 He makes us win what thou hast won,  
 The joys of life, eternally. Amen.

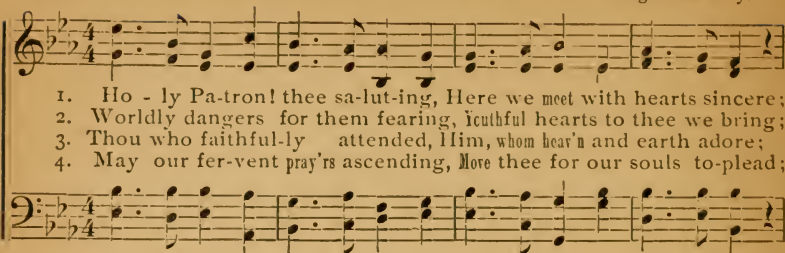
# ST. JOSEPH.

68.

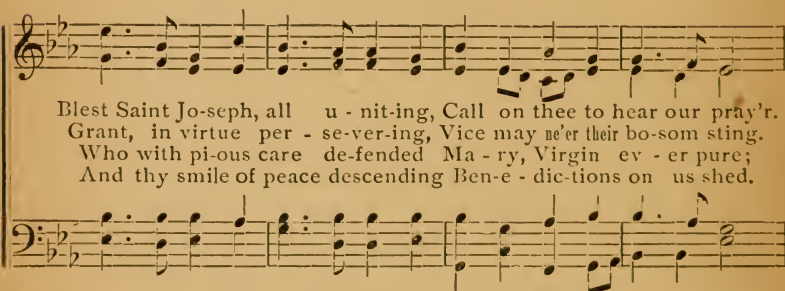
*HOLY PATRON, THEE SALUTING.*

Ss, 7s. D.

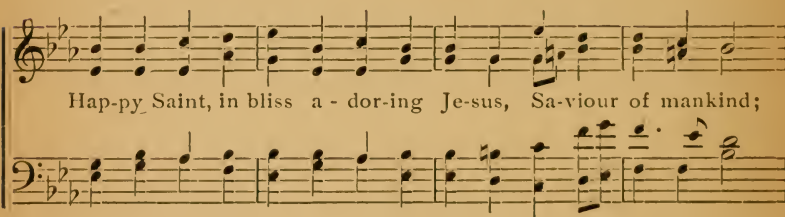
English Melody.



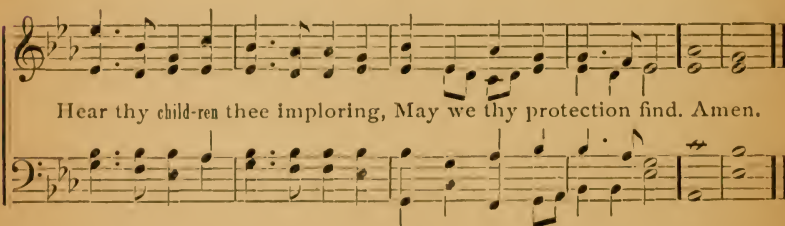
1. Ho - ly Pa-tron! thee sa-lut-ing, Here we meet with hearts sincere;
2. Worldly dangers for them fearing, Icutful hearts to thee we bring;
3. Thou who faithful-ly attended, Him, whom heav'n and earth adore;
4. May our fer-vent pray'rs ascending, Move thee for our souls to-plead;



Blest Saint Jo-seph, all u - nit-ing, Call on thee to hear our pray'r.  
 Grant, in virtue per - se-ver-ing, Vice may ne'er their bo-som sting.  
 Who with pi-ous care de-fended Ma - ry, Virgin ev - er pure;  
 And thy smile of peace descending Ben-e - dic-tions on us shed.



Hap-py Saint, in bliss a - dor-ing Je-sus, Sa-viour of mankind;



Hear thy child-ren thee imploring, May we thy protection find. Amen.



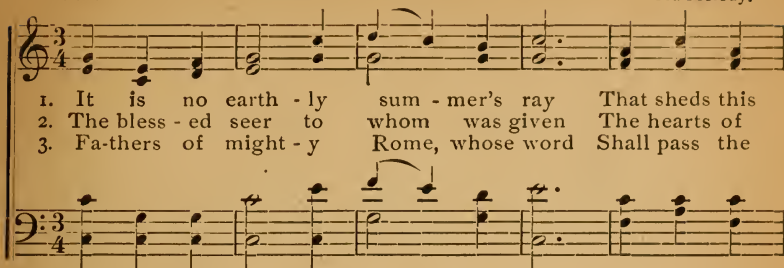
# STS. PETER AND PAUL.

69.

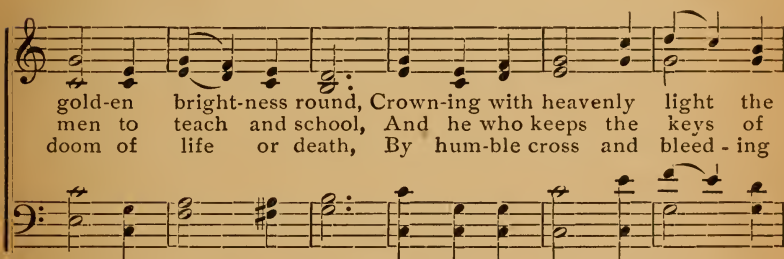
IT IS NO EARTHLY SUMMER'S RAY.

L. M

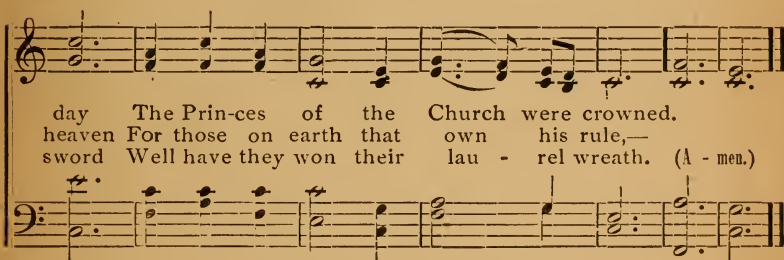
Old Melody.



1. It is no earth - ly sum - mer's ray That sheds this  
 2. The bless - ed seer to whom was given The hearts of  
 3. Fa - thers of might - y Rome, whose word Shall pass the



gold-en bright-ness round, Crown-ing with heavenly light the  
 men to teach and school, And he who keeps the keys of  
 doom of life or death, By hum-ble cross and bleed - ing



day The Prin-ces of the Church were crowned.  
 heaven For those on earth that own his rule,—  
 sword Well have they won their lau - rel wreath. (A - men.)

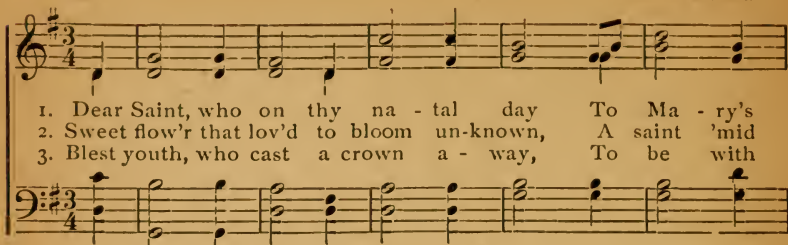
4. O happy Rome, made holy now  
 By these two martyrs' glorious blood,  
 Earth's best and fairest cities bow,  
 By thy superior claims subdued.
5. For thou alone art worth them all,  
 City of martyrs! thou alone  
 Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call  
 The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.
6. All honor, power, and praise be given  
 To Him who reigns in bliss on high,  
 For endless, endless years in heaven,  
 The only God in Trinity! Amen.

Breviary Hymn, "Decora lux aternitatis auream."

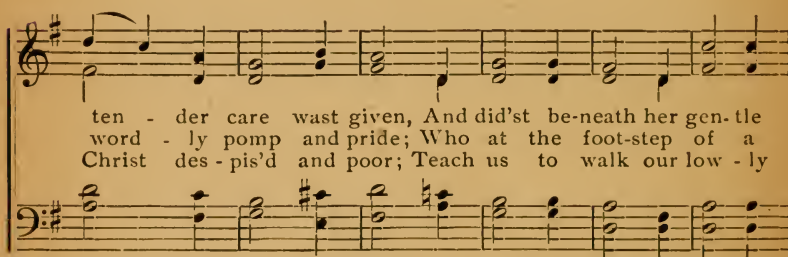
## 70. DEAR SAINT, WHO ON THY NATAL DAY.

L. M.

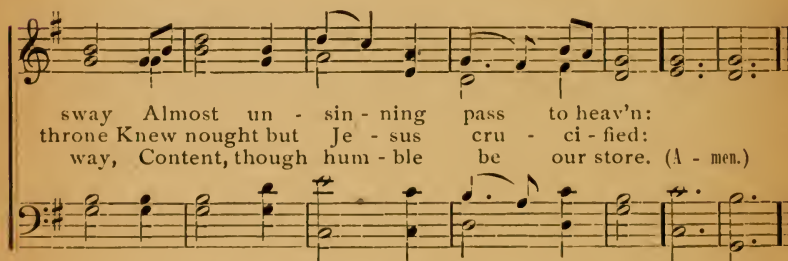
From Mozart.



1. Dear Saint, who on thy na - tal day To Ma - ry's  
 2. Sweet flow'r that lov'd to bloom un-known, A saint 'mid  
 3. Blest youth, who cast a crown a - way, To be with



ten - der care wast given, And did'st be-neath her gen-tle  
 word - ly pomp and pride; Who at the foot-step of a  
 Christ des - pis'd and poor; Teach us to walk our low - ly



sway Almost un - sin - ning pass to heav'n:  
 throne Knew nought but Je - sus cru - ci - fied:  
 way, Content, though hum - ble be our store. (A - men.)

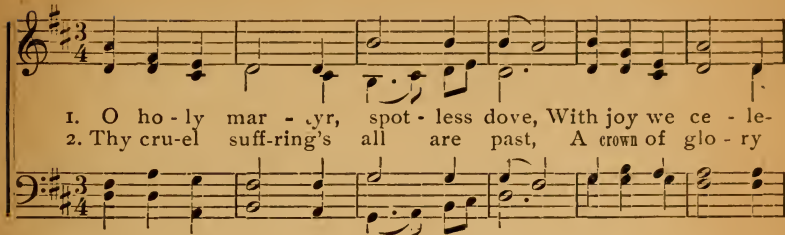
4. May no repining fill our breast  
 Amid the ills of poverty;  
 Oh, make us feel that we are blest,  
 To be thus poor with Christ and thee!
5. Teach us like thee to shrink from sin,  
 Like thee to love sweet purity;  
 That we from Mary's heart may win  
 The love she once bestowed on thee.
6. Thus safe beneath her gentle sway,  
 Oh, may the grace to us be giv'n,  
 To pass from earth some happy day,  
 And join thee in the courts of heav'n. Amen.

# ST. AGNES.

71.

*O HOLY MARTYR, SPOTLESS DOVE.*

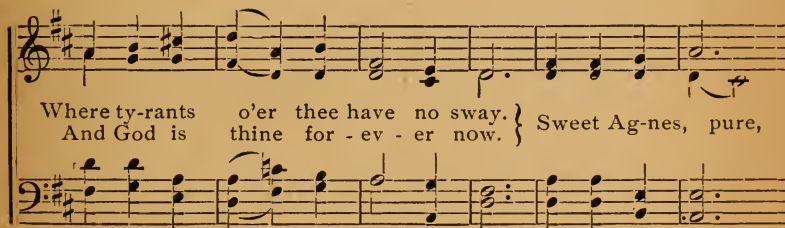
Ss. 6f.



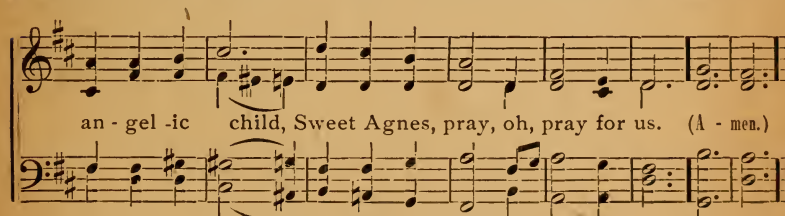
1. O ho-ly mar-tyr, spot-less dove, With joy we ce-le-  
2. Thy cru-el suff-ring's all are past, A crown of glo-ry



brate thy day; Thou dwellest now in bliss a-bove,  
decks thy brow; Ce-lestial light is round thee cast,



Where ty-rants o'er thee have no sway. } Sweet Ag-nes, pure,  
And God is thine for-ev-er now. }



an-gel-ic child, Sweet Agnes, pray, oh, pray for us. (A-men.)

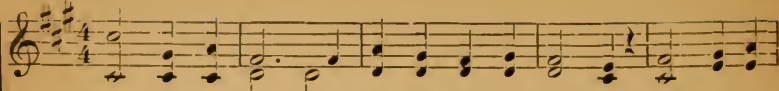
3. Oh, pray that we may ever seek  
To be as free as thou, from stain;  
As constant, fervent, pure and meek,  
Regardless of earth's fleeting pain.  
Sweet Agnes, etc
4. And, holy saint, be this our prayer,  
That prizing not the world's renown,  
Through trials it may be our care,  
To strive but for a heavenly crown.  
Sweet Agnes, etc. Amen.

# THE HOLY ANGELS.

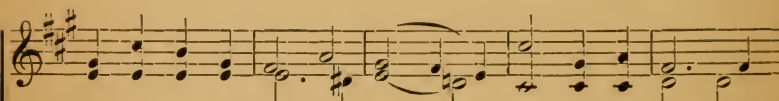
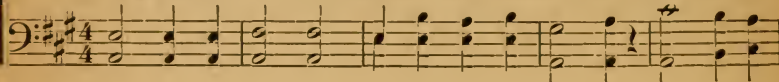
72.

HARK, HARK MY SOUL.

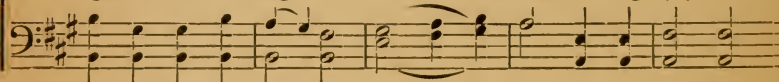
118, 108, 98, 118.



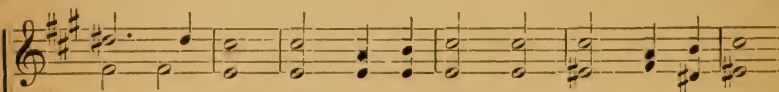
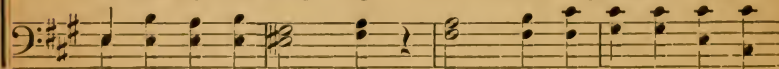
1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-n-ing peal-ing, The voice of
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and drea-ry; The day must
5. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet



fields and o-ccean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those  
souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its  
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by  
dawn, and darksome night be past; All journeys end in  
fragments of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall



bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall  
ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mus - ic of the gos - pel  
thousands, meek-ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary  
welcome to the wea - ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will  
end the night of weep - ing, And life's long sha-dows break in

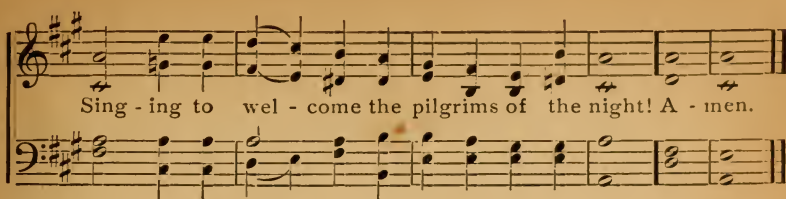


be no more!  
leads us home.  
steps to thee. } An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,  
come at last.  
cloud - less love. }





# THE HOLY ANGELS.

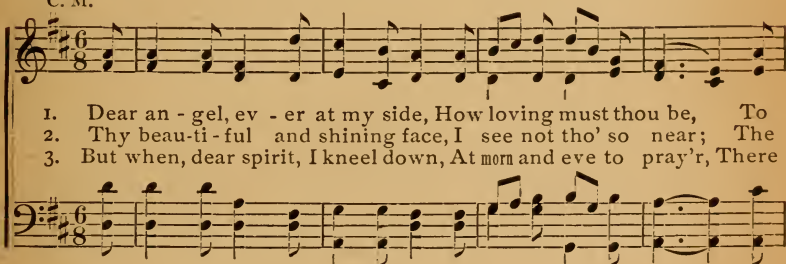


Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

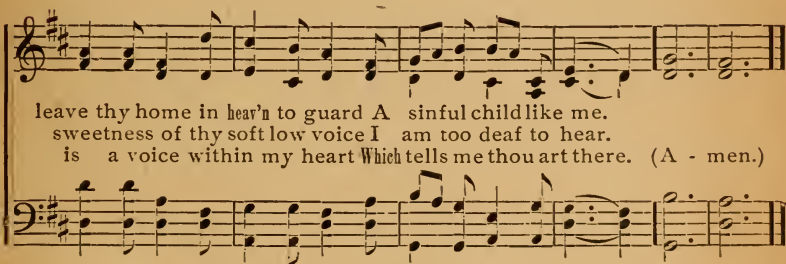
73.

## DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.

C. M.



1. Dear an - gel, ev - er at my side, How loving must thou be, To  
2. Thy beau - ti - ful and shining face, I see not tho' so near; The  
3. But when, dear spirit, I kneel down, At morn and eve to pray'r, There



leave thy home in heav'n to guard A sinful child like me.  
sweetness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.  
is a voice within my heart Which tells me thou art there. (A - men.)

4. Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too,  
Thy pray'r is all for me;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

5. Then love me, love me, angel dear!  
And I will love thee more;  
And help me when my soul is cast  
Upon th'eternal shore. Amen.

# HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

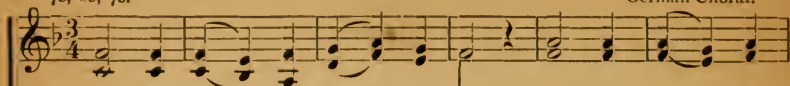
## PRAISE.

74.

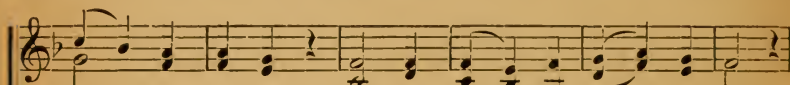
*HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME.*

7s, 8s, 7s.

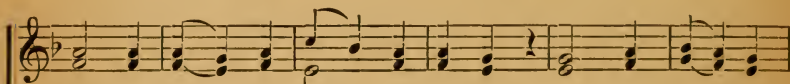
German Choral.



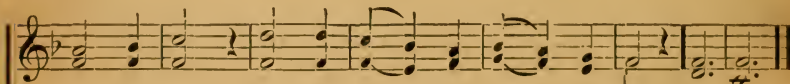
1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name! Lord of all, we
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a -
3. Lo! the A - pos - tol - ic train Join, Thy sa - cred



bow be - fore Thee! All on earth Thy scep - tre claim,  
 bove are rais - ing! Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,  
 Name to hal - low! Pro - phets swell the loud re - frain,



All in Heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee! In - fi - nite Thy  
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heavens with  
 And the white-robed Mar - tyrs fol - low! And from morn to



vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.  
 sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!  
 set of sun, Through the Church the song goes on. (A - men.)



4. Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,  
 While in essence only One  
 Undivided God, we claim Thee;  
 And adoring bend the knee,  
 While we own the mystery.

5. Thou art King of Glory, Christ!  
 Son of God, yet born of Mary;  
 For us sinners sacrificed,  
 And to death a tributary;  
 First to break the bars of death,  
 Thou hast opened Heaven to Faith.

## PRAISE.

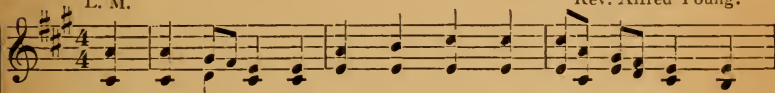
6. From Thy high celestial home, Judge of all, again returning,  
We believe that Thou shalt come, On the dreadful Doomsday morning,  
When Thy voice shall shake the earth, And the startled dead come forth.
7. Spare Thy people, Lord! we pray,  
By a thousand snares surrounded;  
Keep us without sin to-day, Never let us be confounded.  
Lo! I put my trust in Thee, Never, Lord, abandon me. Amen.

Te Deum Laudamus.

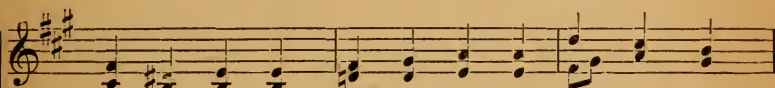
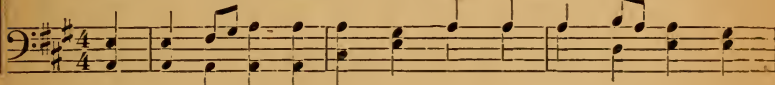
## 75. PRAISE BE TO HIM WHO BUILT THE HILLS.

L. M.

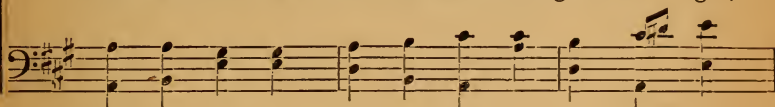
Rev. Alfred Young.



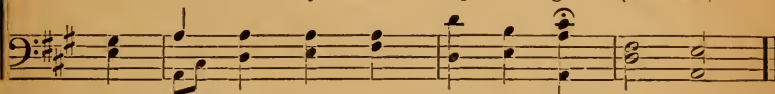
1. Praise be to Him who built the hills; Praise be to Him the  
2. Praise be to Him who makes the morn, And bids it glow with  
3. Praise be to Him whose love has giv'n In Christ His Son, the



streams who fills; Praise be to Him who lights each star,  
beams new-born: Who draws the sha-dows of the night,  
Life of Heav'n: Who for our dark-ness gives us light,



That spar - kles in the blue a - far.  
Like cur - tains, o'er our wea - ried sight.  
And turns to day our deep - est night. (A - men.)



4. Praise be to Him who sheds abroad  
Within our hearts the love of God;  
The Spirit of all truth and peace,  
Fountain of joy and holiness!
5. To Father, Son, and Spirit now  
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:  
To God in Trinity we raise  
With grateful hearts this song of Praise! Amen.

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# PRAISE.

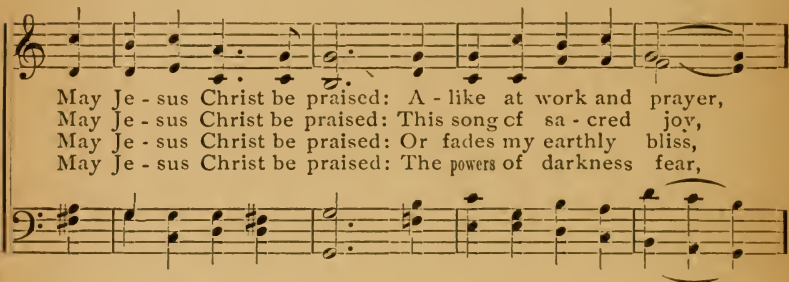
76.

## WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

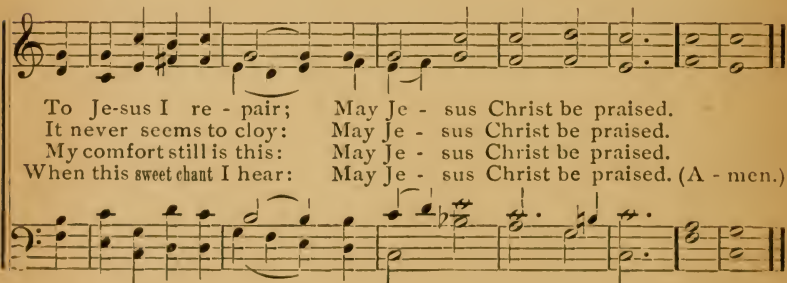
P. M.



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,  
 2. To thee O God a - bove, I cry with glowing love,  
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find;  
 4. When evil thoughts mo - lest, With this I shield my breast:



May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: This song of sa - cred joy,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or fades my earthly bliss,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: The powers of darkness fear,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 It never seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 My comfort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 When this sweet chant I hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised. (A - men.)

5. When sleep her balm denies,  
 My silent spirit sighs,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 The night becomes as day,  
 When from the heart we say,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this, while life is mine  
 My canticle divine:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 Be this th' eternal song,  
 Through all the ages long:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

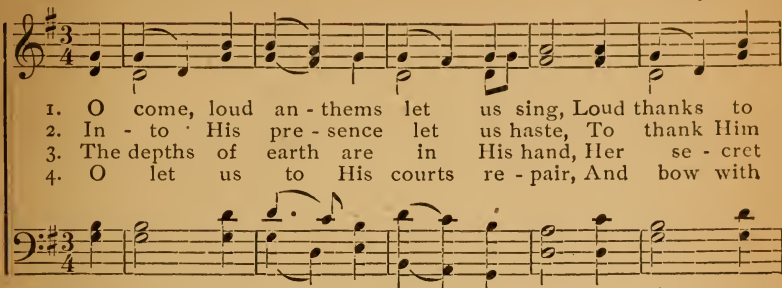


# PRAISE.

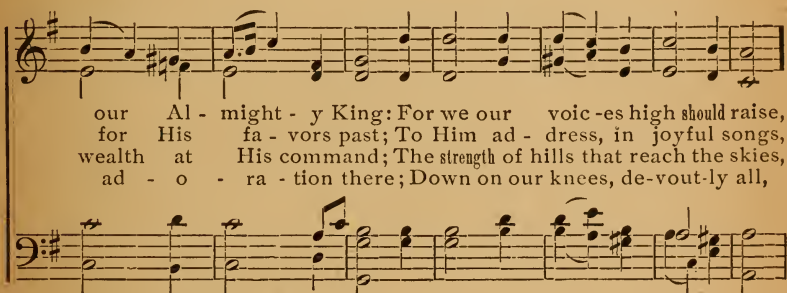
## 77. O COME, LOUD ANTHEMS LET US SING.

L. M. 61.

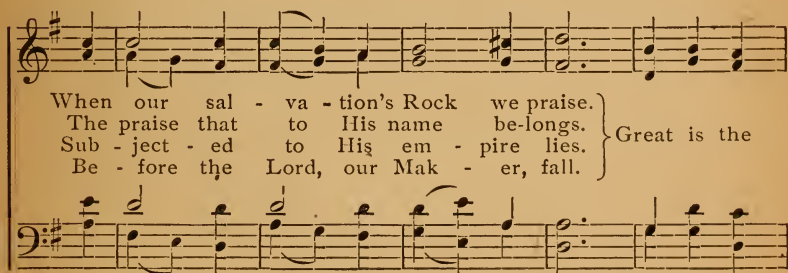
From Haydn.



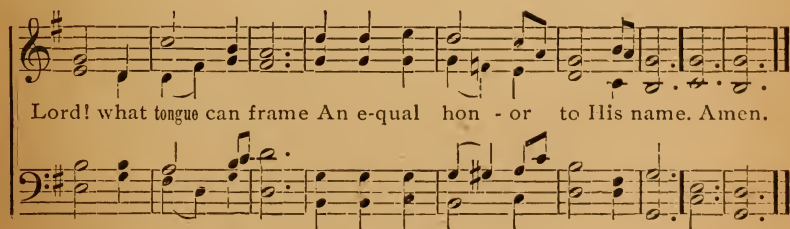
1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to  
 2. In - to His pre - sence let us haste, To thank Him  
 3. The depths of earth are in His hand, Her se - cret  
 4. O let us to His courts re - pair, And bow with



our Al - might - y King: For we our voic - es high should raise,  
 for His fa - vors past; To Him ad - dress, in joyful songs,  
 wealth at His command; The strength of hills that reach the skies,  
 ad - o - ra - tion there; Down on our knees, de - vout - ly all,



When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.  
 The praise that to His name be - longs. } Great is the  
 Sub - ject - ed to His em - pire lies.  
 Be - fore the Lord, our Mak - er, fall.



Lord! what tongue can frame An e - qual hon - or to His name. Amen.

# PRAISE.—EVENING HYMNS.

78.

## SING ALLELUIA FORTH.

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in duteous praise, O cit - i - zens of  
 2. Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light, In hymn-ing choirs re-  
 3. The Ho - ly Cit - y shall take up your strain, And with glad songs re-

heav'n; and sweetly raise  
 ech - o to the height  
 sound-ing wake again } An end-less Al - le - lu - ia. Amen.

4. In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
 To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
 An endless Alleluia.
5. Ye who have gained at length  
 your palms in bliss,  
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still  
 An endless Alleluia. [be this
6. There, in one grand acclaim, for  
 ever ring  
 The strains which tell the honor of  
 your King,  
 An endless Alleluia.
7. This is the rest for weary ones  
 brought back,  
 This is the food and drink which none  
 shall lack,  
 An endless Alleluia.
8. While Thee, by whom were all  
 things made, we praise  
 For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
 An endless Alleluia.
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our  
 voices sing  
 Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring  
 An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Latin Hymn, 8th Cent.

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79.

## THE SUN IS SINKING FAST.

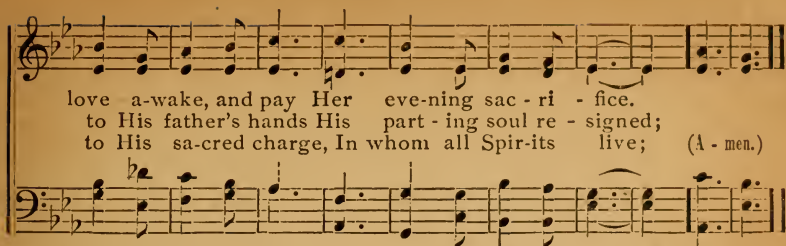
P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let  
 2. As Christ up - on the Cross His head in - clined, And  
 3. So now her-self my soul Would whol - ly give In-

Copyrighted, 1894, by Samuel A. Baldwin.

# EVENING HYMNS.



love a-wake, and pay Her eve-ning sac - ri - fice.  
to His father's hands His part - ing soul re - signed;  
to His sa-cred charge, In whom all Spir-its live; (A - men.)

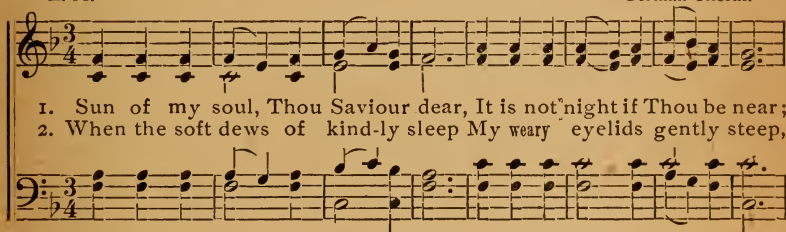
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 4. So now beneath His eye<br>Would calmly rest,<br>Without a wish or thought<br>Abiding in the breast.   | 6. Thus would I live; yet now<br>Not I, but He<br>In all His power and love<br>Henceforth alive in me. |
| 5. Save that His will be done,<br>Whate'er betide;<br>Dead to herself, and dead<br>In Him to all beside. | 7. One sacred Trinity,<br>One Lord divine.<br>May I be ever His,<br>And He for ever mine. Amen.        |

Latin Hymn, 7th Cent.

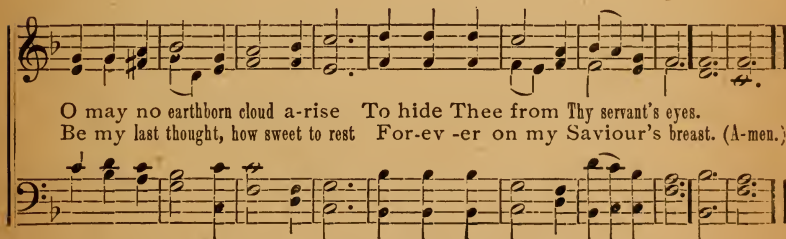
## 80. *SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.*

L. M.

German Choral.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My weary eyelids gently steep,



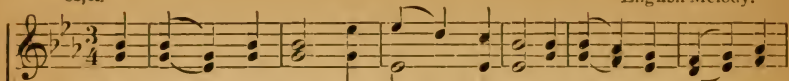
O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast. (A-men.)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 3. Abide with me from morn till eve,<br>For without Thee I cannot live;<br>Abide with me when night is nigh,<br>For without Thee I dare not die.               | 5. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor<br>With blessings from Thy boundless store;<br>Be every mourner's sleep to-night,<br>Like infant's slumbers, pure and light. |
| 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine<br>Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,<br>Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;<br>Let him no more lie down in sin. | 6. Come near and bless us when we wake,<br>Ere through the world our way we take;<br>Till, in the ocean of Thy love,<br>We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen,   |

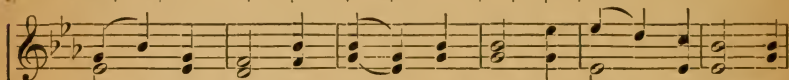
## 81. SWEET SAVIOUR BLESS US ERE WE GO.

88, 61.

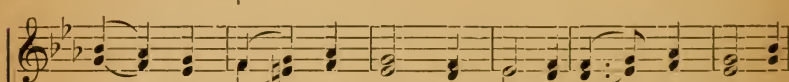
English Melody.



1. Sweet Sa-viour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our  
 2. The day has gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast ta - ken  
 3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion



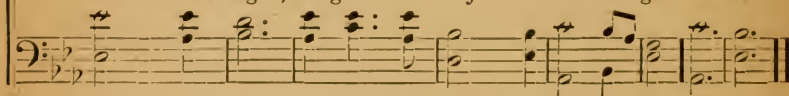
minds in - still, And make our luke warm hearts to glow With  
 count of all, The scan - ty triumphs grace hath won, The  
 and re - lease; And bless us, more than in past days, With



low - ly love and fer - vent will. }  
 bro - ken vow, the fre - quent fall. } Thro' life's long day and  
 pur - i - ty and in - ward peace. }



death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus be our light. A - men.



4. Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd;  
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
 Ah! never let our works be soil'd  
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.  
 Through life's, etc.
5. For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
 Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;  
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.  
 Through life's, etc. Amen.

(Frederick W. Faber.)



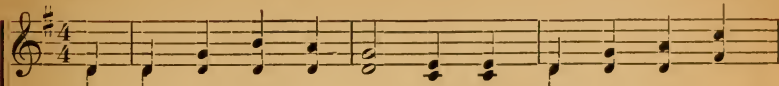
# EVENING HYMNS.

82.

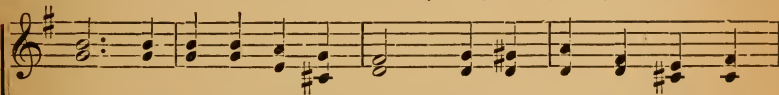
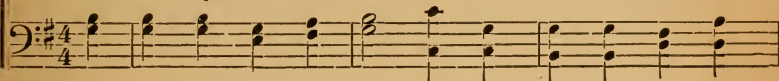
THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

P. M.

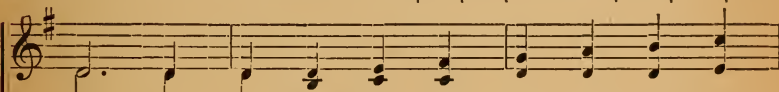
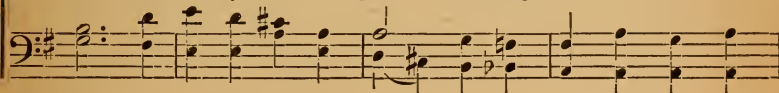
Samuel A. Baldwin.



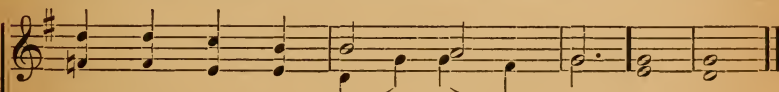
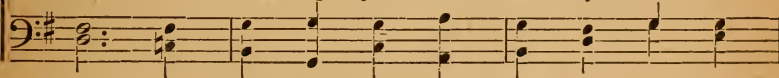
1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to
2. The joys of day are o - ver; I lift my heart to
3. The toils of day are o - ver; I raise the hymn to
4. Light-en mine eyes, O Sa-viour, Or sleep in death shall
5. Be Thou my soul's Pre - ser - ver, O God! for Thou dost



Thee! I pray Thee that offence - less The hours of dark may  
Thee; And call on Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may  
Thee, And ask that free from per - il The hours of fear may  
I, And he, my wakeful temp - ter, Tri - um-phant-ly shall  
know, How many are the per - ils Through which I have to



be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And  
be. O Je - sus, make their dark - ness light, And  
be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And  
cry "A - gainst him I have now pre-vailed; Re-  
go. O lov - ing Je - sus, hear my call, And



save me through the com - ing night!  
save me through the com - ing night!  
guard me through the com - ing night!  
joyce! the child of God has failed."  
guard and save me from them all! A - men.

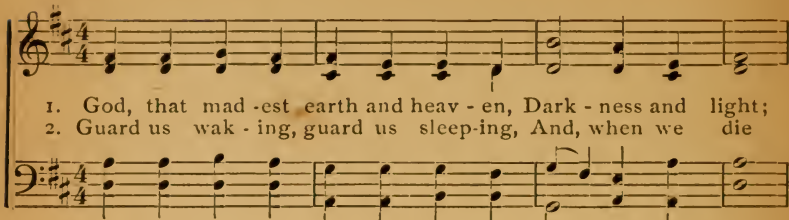
St. Anatolius, 450.



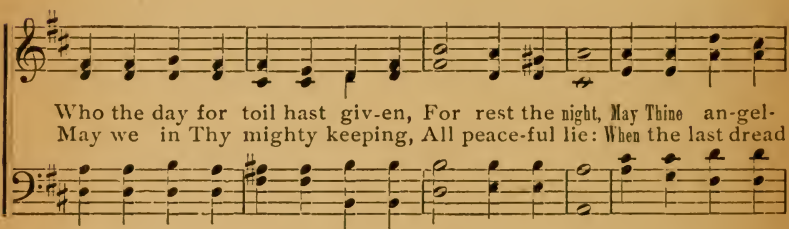
# EVENING HYMNS.

## 83. GOD THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

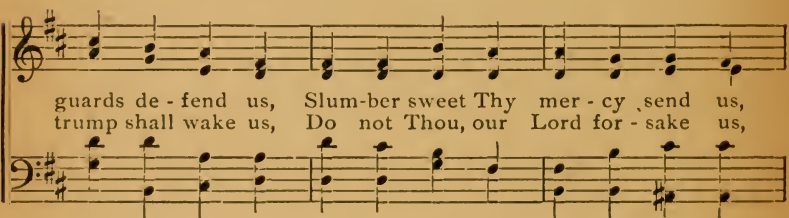
Ss, 4s.



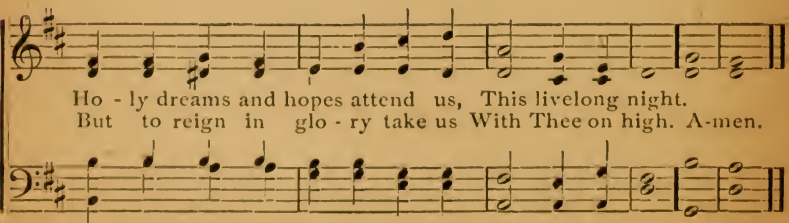
1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;  
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And, when we die



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night, May Thine an - gel -  
May we in Thy mighty keeping, All peace - ful lie: When the last dread



guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy, send us,  
trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord for - sake us,



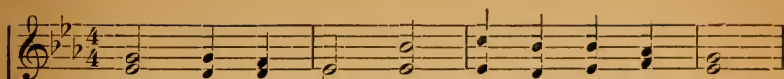
Ho - ly dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night.  
But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high. A - men.

# EVENING HYMNS.

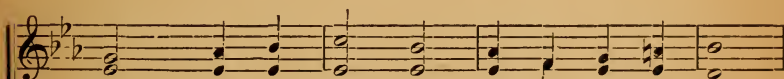
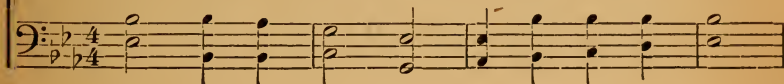
84.

## ABIDE WITH ME.

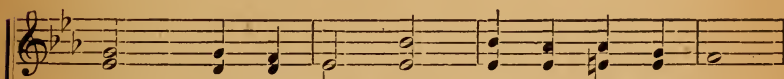
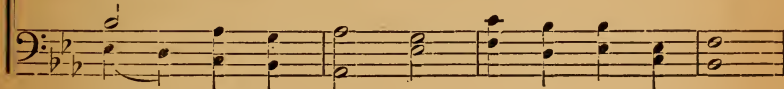
108.



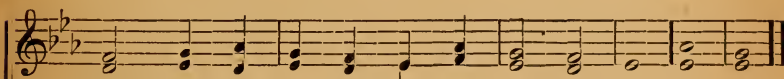
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide,
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need Thy pre - sence ev' - ry pass - ing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
5. Hold thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



The dark-ness deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide!  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power!  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;  
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting! where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee;



Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!  
 O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!  
 Through cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!  
 I tri-umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!  
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.

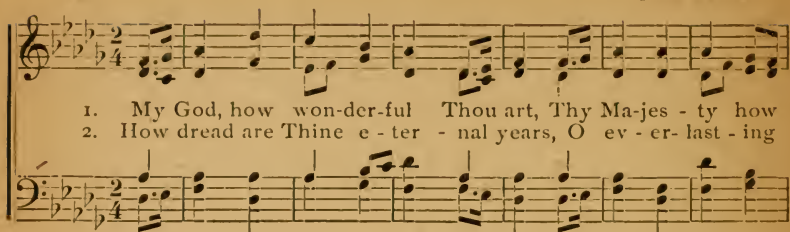


# GOD THE FATHER.

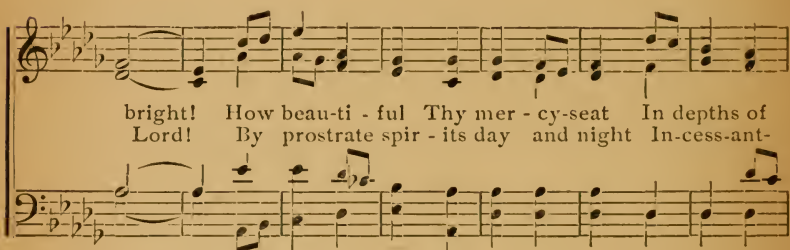
## 85. MY GOD HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART.

C. M.

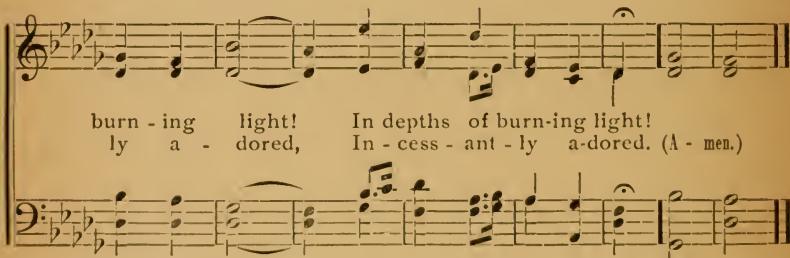
From Handel.



1. My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy Ma-jes - ty how  
2. How dread are Thine e - ter - nal years, O ev - er - last - ing



bright! How beau-ti - ful Thy mer - cy-seat In depths of  
Lord! By prostrate spir - its day and night In-cess-ant-



burn - ing light! In depths of burn-ing light!  
ly a - dored, In - cess - ant - ly a-dored. (A - men.)

3. How beautiful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!

4. O how I fear Thee, living God!  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope  
And penitential tears.

5. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

6. No earthly father loves like Thee;  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done  
With me Thy sinful child.

7. Only to sit and think of God,  
O what a joy it is!  
To think the thought, to breathe the  
Name,  
Earth has no higher bliss.

8. Father of Jesus, Love's Reward!  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie.  
And gaze and gaze on Thee! Amen.



# GOD THE FATHER.

86.

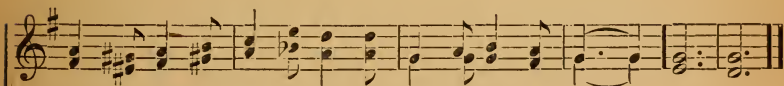
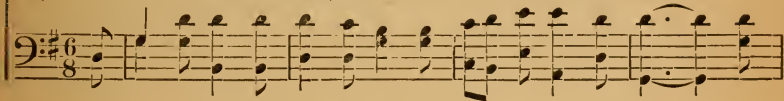
O GOD THY POWER IS WONDERFUL.

C. M.

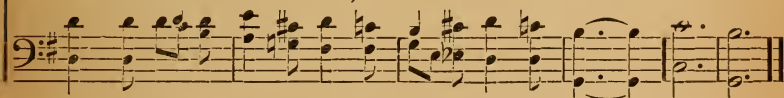
From Spohr.



1. O God Thy pow'r is wonderful, Thy glo-ry pass-ing bright; Thy
2. Thy jus-tice is the gladdest thing Crea-tion can be-hold; Thy
3. There's not a craving in the mind, Thou dost not meet and still; There's
4. O, lit-tle heart of mine, shall sin Or sorrow make thee moan? When



wisdom with its deep on deep A rapture to the sight.  
 ten-der-ness so meek, it wins, The guilty to be bold.  
 not a wish the heart can have, Which Thou dost not ful-fil.  
 all this God is all for thee, A Fa-ther all thine own. A - men.



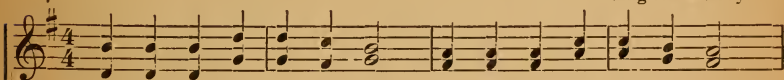
(Use tune on opposite page if desired.)

87.

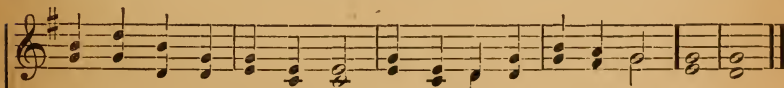
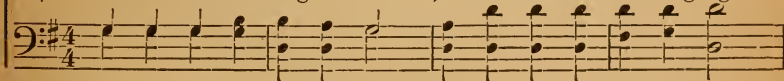
ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL AND FAIR.

7s.

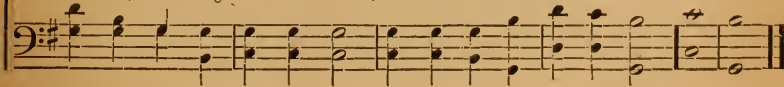
English Melody.



1. All things beau-ti-ful and fair, Earth and sky and balmy air;
2. Ev'-ry tree and flow'r we pass Ev'-ry tuft of wav-ing grass,
3. Lit-tle streams that glide along, Verdant, mossy banks a-mong,
4. He who dwelleth high in heaven, Un-to us hath all things given;



Sun-ny field and sha-dy grove, Gently whisper, "God is love,"  
 Ev'-ry leaf and opening bud, Seem to tell us "God is good."  
 Shadowing forth the clouds above, Softly murmur, "God is love."  
 Let us, as through life we move, Ev-er feel that "God is love." Amen.



# JESUS CHRIST.

## 88. *JESUS THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.*

C. M.

1. Je-sus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast; But
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A
3. O Hope of ev'-ry contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek, To

sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.  
sweeter sound than Jesus' name The Sa-viour of mankind.  
those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good, to those who seek! (A - men.)

4. But what to those who find? Ah! this, 5. Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
- Nor tongue nor pen can show; As Thou our prize wilt be;
- The love of Jesus, what it is, In Thee be all our glory now,
- None but His loved ones know. And through eternity. Amen.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th Cent.

## 89. *O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD!*

C. M.

1. O Je - sus, Je-sus, dearest Lord! Forgive me, if I say, For
2. I love Thee so, I know not how My transports to con - trol; Thy
3. Burn, burn, O Love! Within my heart, Burn fiercely night and day, Till

ver - y love, Thy Sacred Name A thousand times a day.  
love is like a burn-ing fire Within my ver - y soul.  
all the dross of earth-ly loves Is burned, and burned a - way. (A-men.)

# JESUS CHRIST.

4. O Light in darkness! Joy in grief! O Heaven begun on earth!  
 Jesus, my Love, my Treasure! who Can tell what Thou art worth?
5. O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord! What art Thou not to me?  
 Each hour brings joys before unknown,  
 Each day new liberty. Amen.

90.

## THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

C. M. D.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y  
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to  
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us  
 4. There was no oth-er good enough To pay the price of

wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci-fied who died to save us all.  
 bear, But we be-lieve is was for us He hung and suffered there.  
 good, That we might go at last to hear'n, Saved by His precious blood.  
 sin, He on - ly could unlock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.

O, dear - ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And

trust in His redeem-ing blood And try His works to do. A-men.

# JESUS CHRIST.

## 91.

*I COME TO THEE, MY LOVE.*

6s. 8l.

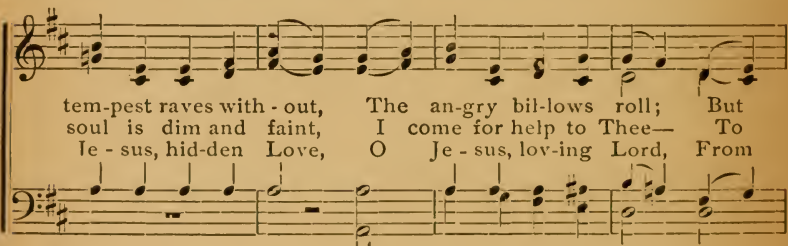
Rev. Alfred Young.



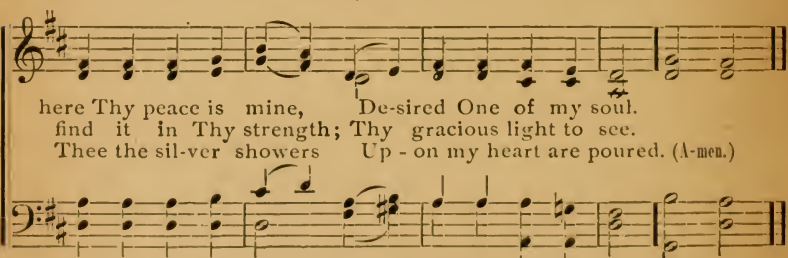
1. I come to Thee, my Love, From ways of grief and pain;  
 2. Oh, touch me with Thy hand, As in the dust I lie;  
 3. I long when far a - way To be with Thee a-gain,



I come to Thee, my Love, Who here in bliss dost reign: The  
 Up - lift me to Thy Heart, Without Thee I must die: My  
 Where treasures of Thy grace Fall like the fruitful rain: O



tem-pest raves with - out, The an-gry bil-lows roll; But  
 soul is dim and faint, I come for help to Thee— To  
 Je - sus, hid-den Love, O Je - sus, lov-ing Lord, From



here Thy peace is mine, De-sired One of my soul.  
 find it in Thy strength; Thy gracious light to see.  
 Thee the sil-ver showers Up - on my heart are poured. (A-men.)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4. I come to to Thee, my Lord;<br/>         Yet linger by the way:<br/>         I come to Thee, my Lord;<br/>         Before Thy Soul to pray:<br/>         One glimmer of Thy light<br/>         Brings peace from God to me,<br/>         As in Thy "wealthy rest"<br/>         My spirit leans on Thee.</p> | <p>5. A storm of pain and grief<br/>         Oft bends me with its power;<br/>         My comforter art Thou<br/>         In sorrow's bitterest hour:<br/>         Be with me then, my God,<br/>         Nor leave me poor and lone;<br/>         For light and joy are Thine<br/>         Upon this Altar-throne. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

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# JESUS CHRIST.

92.

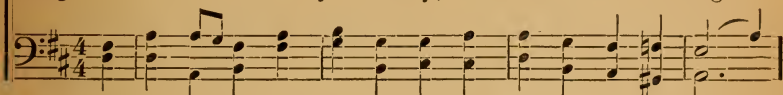
## I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

C. M. D.

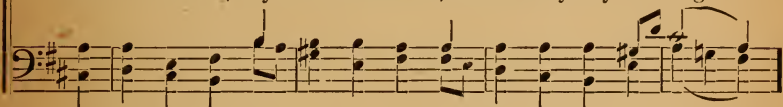
Adapted from Spohr.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:



Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast:"  
The liv-ing wa-ter! thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je-sus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream:  
I looked to Je-sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a restingplace, And He has made me glad.  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.  
And in that light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. Amen.



# JESUS CHRIST.

## 93. ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID.

P. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis-tress'd?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?  
 3. Is there Di - a-dem as Monarch That His Brow a-dorns?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."  
 "In His feet and Hands are Wound-prints, And His Side."  
 "Yea, a Crown, in ver - y sure-ty, But of Thorns." (A - men.)

4. If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?  
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor.  
 Many a tear."

6. If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

5. If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan past,"

7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless?  
 "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
 Answer, Yes." Amen.  
 St. Stephen the Sabaite.

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## 94. JESUS SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

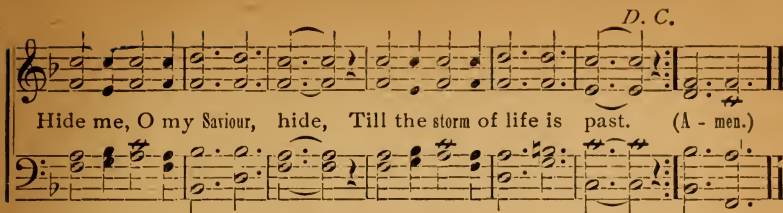
7s. D.

Fine.

1. { Je-sus Sa-viour of my soul, Let me to Thy re-fuge fly, }  
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. }  
 D C. Safe in-to Thy haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

# THE ATONEMENT.

*D. C.*



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past. (A - men.)

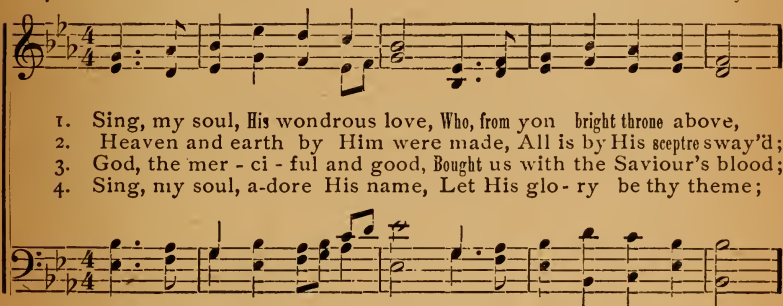
2. Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust in Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound:  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

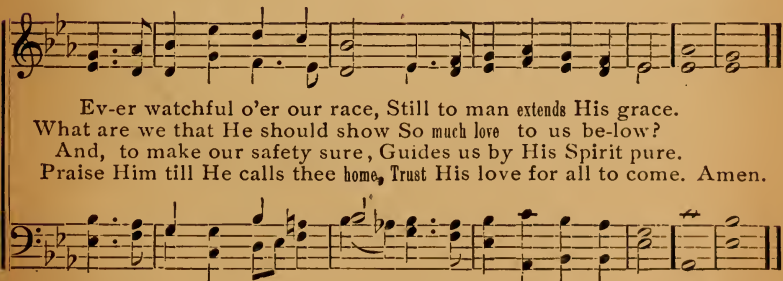
## 95. SING MY SOUL HIS WONDROUS LOVE

7s.

Old French Melody.



1. Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who, from yon bright throne above,  
2. Heaven and earth by Him were made, All is by His sceptre sway'd;  
3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Saviour's blood;  
4. Sing, my soul, a-dore His name, Let His glo - ry be thy theme;



Ev-er watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends His grace.  
What are we that He should show So much love to us be-low?  
And, to make our safety sure, Guides us by His Spirit pure.  
Praise Him till He calls thee home, Trust His love for all to come. Amen.

96. *THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.*

Ss, 7s.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:  
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more graces for the good;

There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than liber-ty.  
There is mer-cy with the Savi-our; There is healing in His Blood. (Amen.)

3. For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.
4. If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

97. *THE BIRD LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.*

C. M.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. The bird let loose in east-ern skies, When hastening fondly home, Ne'er  
2. But high she shoots through air and light, Above all low de - lay, Where

stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i- dle warblers roam;  
noth ing earth-ly bounds her flight, Nor shadows dim her way. (A-men.)



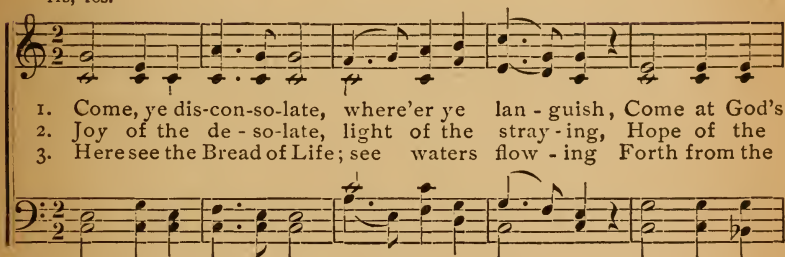
# DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

3. So grant me, God, from every care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,  
To hold my course to Thee!
4. No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs;--  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom in her wings! Amen.

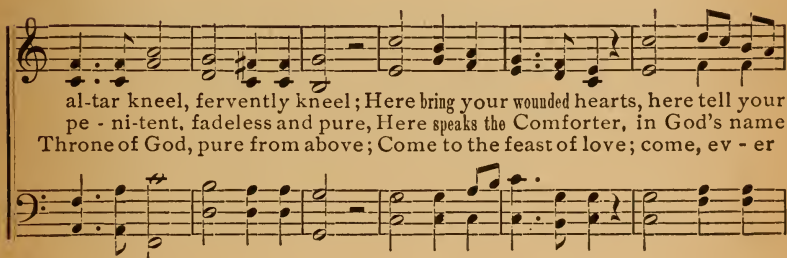
98.

## COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

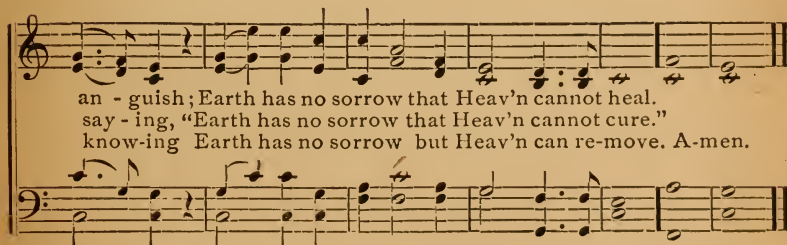
115, 105.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish, Come at God's  
2. Joy of the de-so-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flow-ing Forth from the



al-tar kneel, fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
pe-ni-tent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name  
Throne of God, pure from above; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er



an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.  
say-ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."  
know-ing Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can re-move. A-men.

# CHRISTIAN FAITH.

## LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

99.

108, 48.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I

do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me. (A-men.)

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on:  
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3. So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile! Amen.

Cardinal Newman.

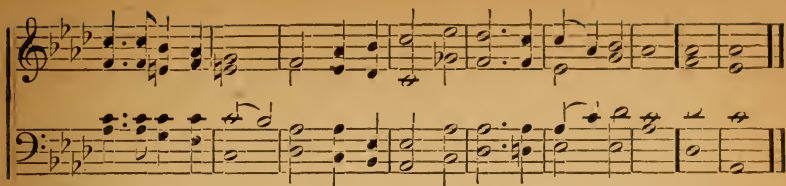
99.

Second Tune. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

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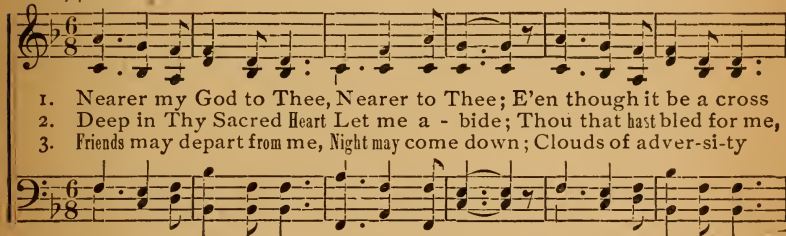
# CHRISTIAN FAITH.



100.

## NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

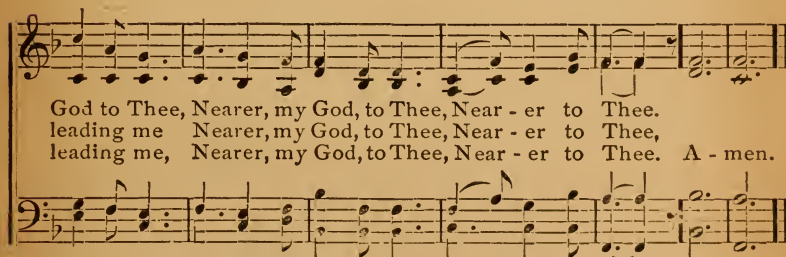
6S, 4S.



1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Deep in Thy Sacred Heart Let me a - bide; Thou that hast bled for me,
3. Friends may depart from me, Night may come down; Clouds of adver-si-ty



That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be Near-er, my  
Sorrowed and died; Sweet shall my weeping be, Grief sure-ly  
Dark - en and frown; Still through my tears I see Hope gently



God to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.  
leading me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,  
leading me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - men.

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## 101.

## FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

8s, 6l.

1. Faith of our Fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon,  
2. Our Fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and

fire, and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy When-  
conscience free; How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate, If

e'er we hear that glo - rious word! } Faith of our Fa - thers!  
they, like them, could die for thee!

ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A-men.

3. Faith of our Fathers! Mary's pray'rs  
Shall win our country unto thee,  
And through the truth that comes from God,  
O, then indeed shall we be free!  
Faith of our Fathers! etc.
4. Faith of our Fathers! we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife;  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life.  
Faith of our Fathers! etc. Amen.



# THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

102.

*PIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW.*

P. M.

German Choral.

1. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars labored

heav-i-ly, Foam glittered white, Trembled the mar-i-ners,

Per-il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." (A-men.)

2. Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
Lower thy crest!  
Wail of Euroclydon,  
Be thou at rest!  
Sorrow can never be,  
Darkness must fly,  
Where saith the Light of Light,  
"Peace! It is I!"
3. Jesus, Deliverer,  
Come Thou to me:  
Soothe Thou my voyaging  
Over life's sea:  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars, sweeping by,  
Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth,—  
"Peace! It is I!" Amen.

St. Anatolius, 450.

# THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

103.

## ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

6s, 5s, D.

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus  
 Go-ing on be-fore, Christ the roy-al Master, Leads against the foe;  
 Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go! Onward Christian soldiers!  
 Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on before. A-men.

2. At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory!  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise.  
 Onward, etc.

3. Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God:  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity. —  
 Onward, etc.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish.  
 Kingdoms rise and wane  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.  
 Onward, etc.

5. Onward, then, ye people!  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph-song;  
 Glory, laud, and honor  
 Unto Christ the King,  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.  
 Onward, etc.

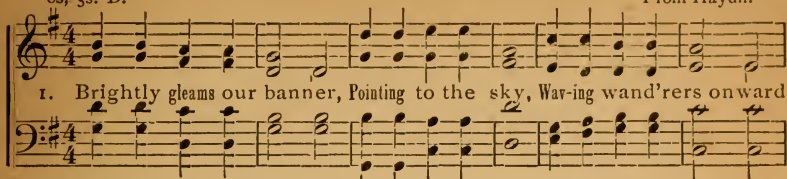
# THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

104.

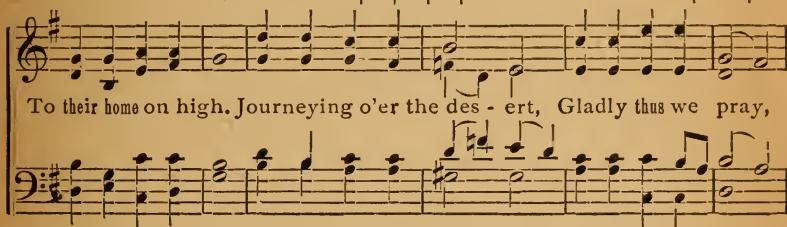
## BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

6s, 5s. D.

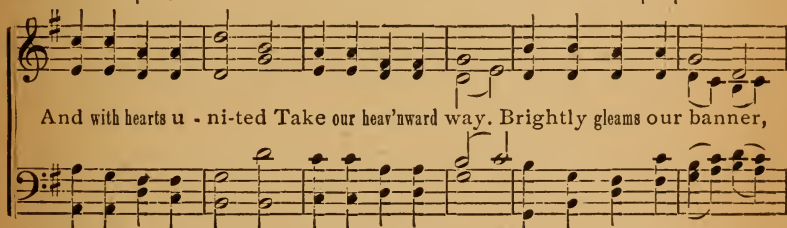
From Haydn.



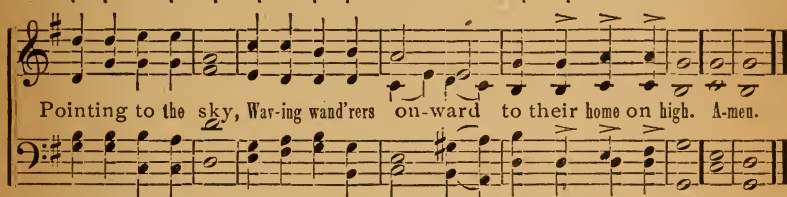
1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, War-ing wand'ers onward



To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Gladly thus we pray,



And with hearts u - ni-ted Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our banner,



Pointing to the sky, War-ing wand'ers on-ward to their home on high. A-men.

2. Hail, sweet Jesus! Master!  
Round Thy sacred feet,  
Now with hearts rejoicing,  
See Thy children meet.  
Long, alas, we've left Thee,  
Straying far away;  
But once more we enter  
On the "narrow way."  
Brightly, etc.

3. Mary! Mother! Ave!  
Israel's Lily, hail!  
Comfort of thy children  
In this sinful vale.  
'Mid life's surging ocean,  
Whither shall we flee,  
Save, O stainless Virgin  
Mother, unto thee?  
Brightly, etc.

4. Ave! Joseph! Ave!  
Chaste and spotless flower;  
Cast thy mantle o'er us  
At death's solemn hour.  
Be our father ever,  
Joseph, meek and mild,  
Chaste spouse of our Mother,  
Keeper of her Child.  
Brightly, etc.

5. Jesus! Mary! Joseph!  
Sweet and holy Three,  
List the praise we pay you  
On our bended knee.  
May we sing your glory  
In glad realms above,  
Bound for ever to you  
By the bonds of love.  
Brightly, etc. Amen.

NATIONAL.—TEMPERANCE.

105.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

68, 48.

1. God bless our na-tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and  
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God, a-bove the skies; On Him we

night; When the wild tempests rave, Ru - ler of winds and wave,  
wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with watch - ful eye,

Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might.  
To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State. A-men.

106.

MOURN FOR THE THOUSANDS SLAIN.

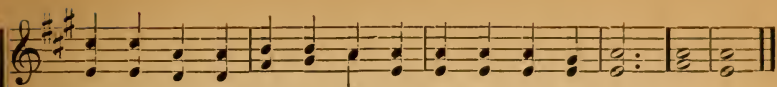
S. M.

From Beethoven.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn  
2. Mourn for the tarnished gem— For reason's light di-vine, Quenched  
3. Mourn for the ruined soul— E - ter-nal life and light, Lost  
4. Mourn for the lost,—but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse  
5. Mourn for the lost,—but pray, Pray to our God a-bove, To

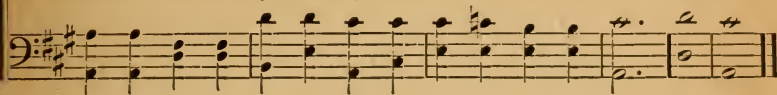


# THE JUDGMENT.



for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de - lu - ded throng.  
from the soul's bright di - a-dem, Where God had bid it shine.

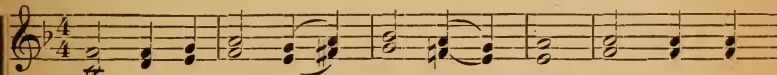
by the fiery, maddening bowl, And turned to hopeless night.  
them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the re - fuge flee.  
break the fell destroyer's sway, And show his sav - ing love. A-men.



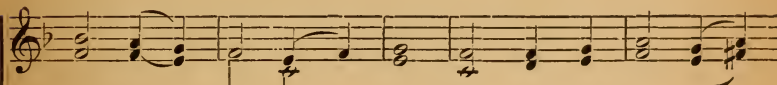
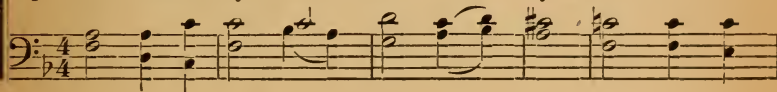
## 107. *THAT DAY OF WRATH, THAT DREADFUL DAY.*

L. M.

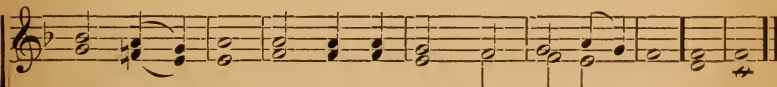
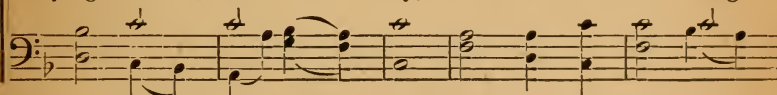
Arr. from Gregorian Chant.



1. That day of wrath, that dread - ful day! When heaven and
2. When shrivelling like a parch - ed scroll The flam - ing
3. Oh! on that day, that wrath - ful day When man to

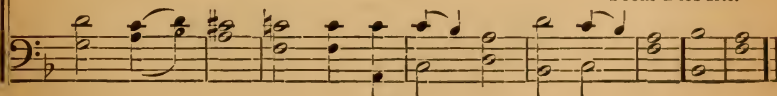


earth shall pass a - way, What power shall be the  
heavens to - geth - er roll; When loud - er yet, and  
judg - ment wakes from clay, Be Thou the trem - bling



sin - ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread - ful day?  
yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!  
sin - ner's stay, Though heav'n and earth shall pass a - way. Amen.

From Dies Iræ.

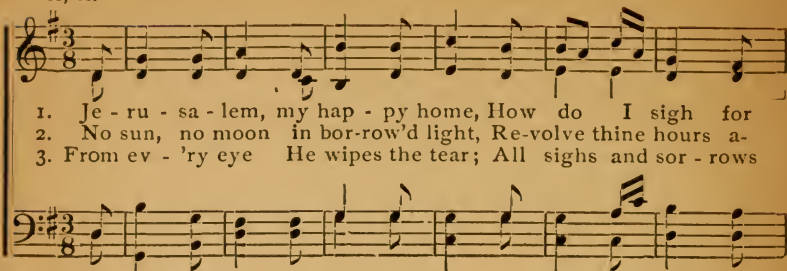


# HEAVEN.

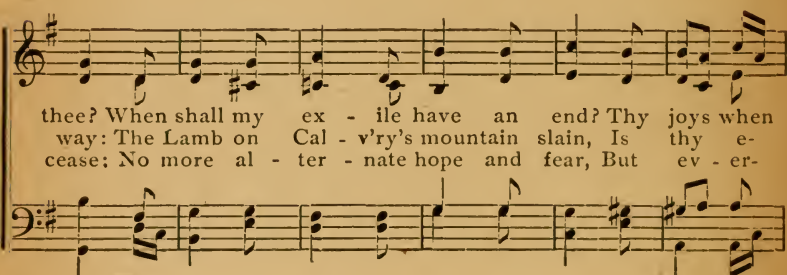
## 108.

### *JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.*

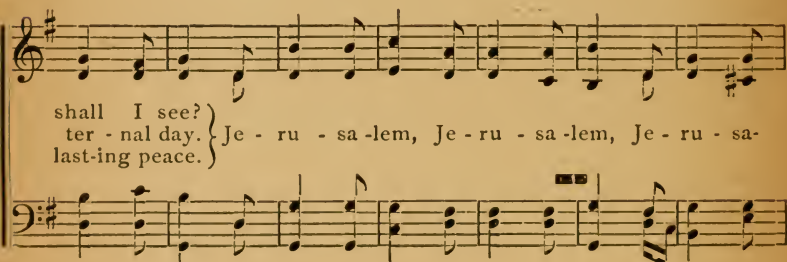
Ss, 6s.



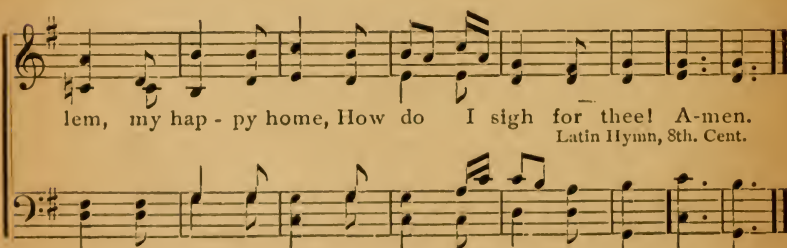
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, How do I sigh for  
 2. No sun, no moon in bor-row'd light, Re-volve thine hours a-  
 3. From ev - 'ry eye He wipes the tear; All sighs and sor - rows



thee? When shall my ex - ile have an end? Thy joys when  
 way: The Lamb on Cal - v'ry's mountain slain, Is thy e-  
 cease; No more al - ter - nate hope and fear, But ev - er-



shall I see? }  
 ter - nal day. } Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa -  
 last-ing peace. }



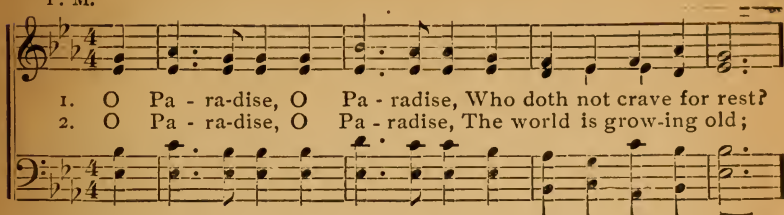
lem, my hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee! A-men.  
 Latin Hymn, 8th. Cent.

# HEAVEN.

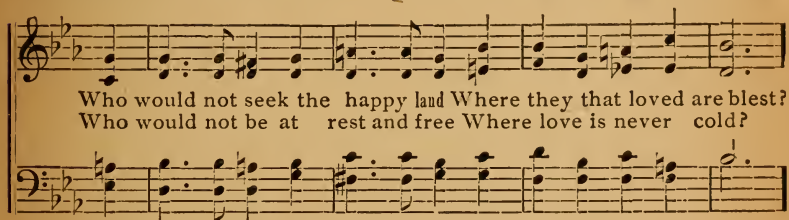
109.

*O PARADISE! O PARADISE!*

P. M.



1. O Pa - ra-dise, O Pa - radise, Who doth not crave for rest?  
2. O Pa - ra-dise, O Pa - radise, The world is grow-ing old;

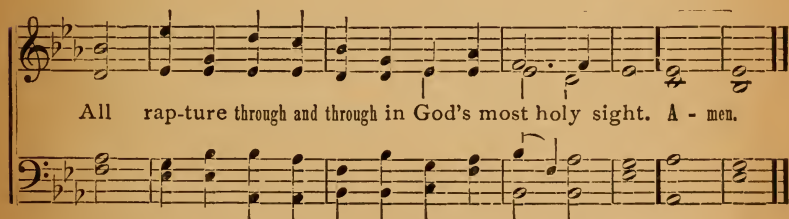


Who would not seek the happy land Where they that loved are blest?  
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is never cold?

Where loy-al hearts and true



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,



All rap-ture through and through in God's most holy sight. A - men.

3. O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4. O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5. O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6. Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
O keep me in Thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

# HEAVEN.

## 110.

THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL.

7s, 6s. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

I. { The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are waxing late; }  
Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate-}

The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The Judge who comes with might, Who

comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right. (A - men.)

2. Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead—  
To light that hath no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.
3. O Home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;  
'Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
Shall glad the saints around.
4. O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
True cure of the distress!  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight. Amen.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.



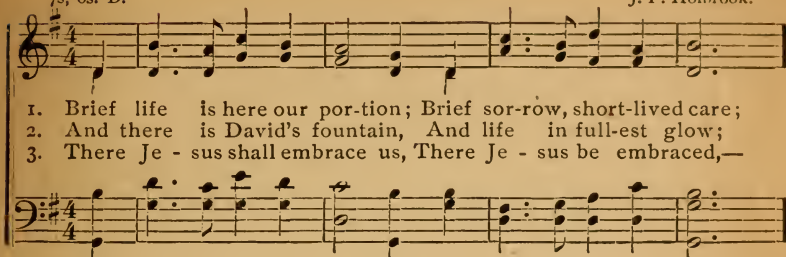
# HEAVEN.

## III.

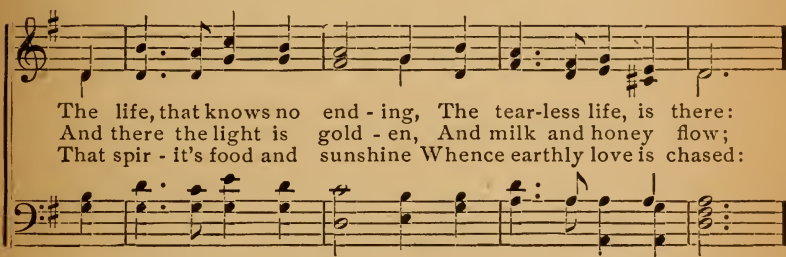
### BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION.

7s, 6s. D.

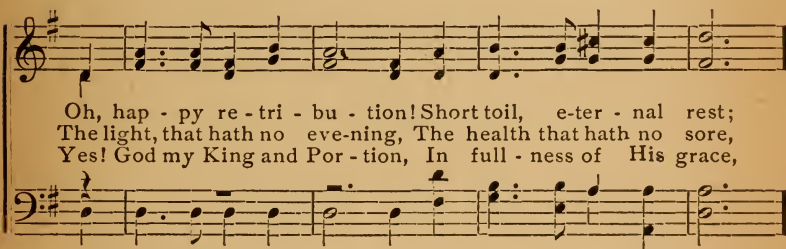
J. P. Holbrook.



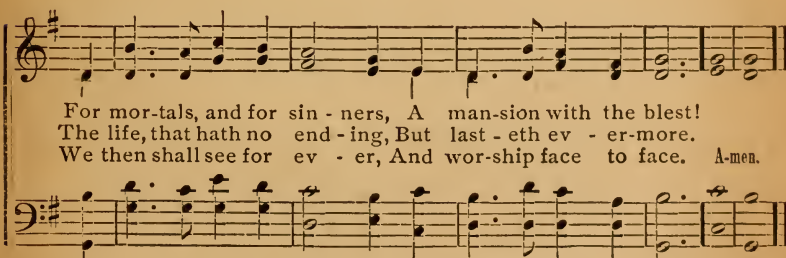
1. Brief life is here our por-tion; Brief sor-row, short-lived care;  
 2. And there is David's fountain, And life in full-est glow;  
 3. There Je - sus shall embrace us, There Je - sus be embraced,—



The life, that knows no end - ing, The tear-less life, is there:  
 And there the light is gold - en, And milk and honey flow;  
 That spir - it's food and sunshine Whence earthly love is chased:



Oh, hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e-ter - nal rest;  
 The light, that hath no eve-ning, The health that hath no sore,  
 Yes! God my King and Por-tion, In full - ness of His grace,



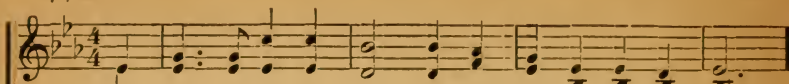
For mor-tals, and for sin - ners, A man-sion with the blest!  
 The life, that hath no end-ing, But last - eth ev - er-more.  
 We then shall see for ev - er, And wor-ship face to face. A-men.

Bernard of Cluny 1145.

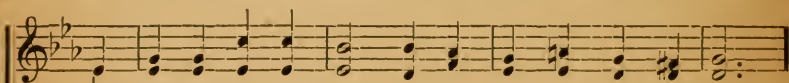
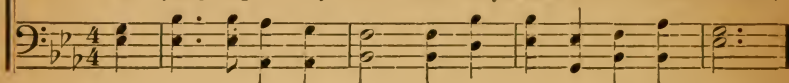
# HEAVEN.

## 112. FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

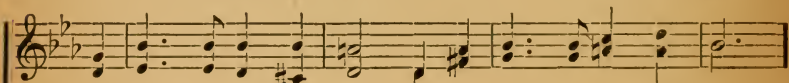
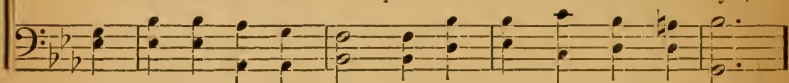
7s, 6s. D.



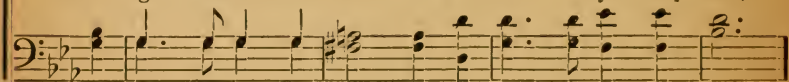
1. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep;
2. O one, O on - ly man - sion; O Pa - ra-dise of joy!
3. With jas-per glow thy bul-warks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze;



For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep,  
Where tears are ev - er banished, And smiles have no al - loy;  
The sar-dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays;



The men-tion of thy glo - ry, Is unc - tion to the breast,  
The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - cified thy praise;  
Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - ethyst un-priced;



And med - i - cine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.  
His laud and ben - e - dic-tion Thy ransomed people raise.  
The saints build up its fa - bric, And the cor-ner-stone is Christ. (A-men.)



4. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of ages  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.
5. O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.

# HEAVEN.

113

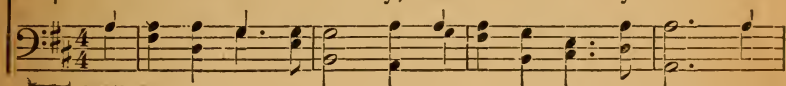
## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

7s, 6s. D.

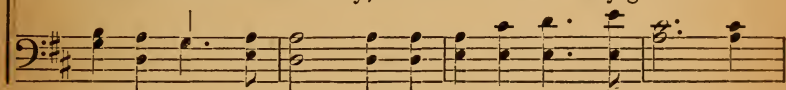
Samuel A. Baldwin.



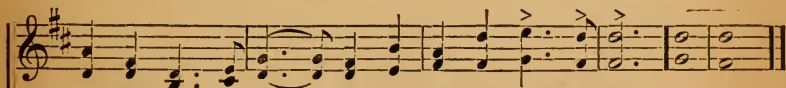
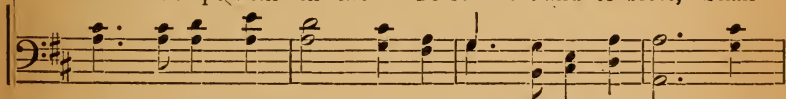
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And
3. There is the Throne of Da - vid; And there, from care released, The
4. O sweet and bless - ed Country, Shall I e'er see thy face? O



neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed I  
bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The  
song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast: And  
sweet and bless - ed Country, Shall I e'er win thy grace? I



know not, O, I know not, What so - cial joys are there; What  
Prince is ev - er in them, The daylight is serene; The  
they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight, For  
have the hope with - in me To com - fort and to bless, Shall



ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.  
past - ures of the Bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.  
ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
I e'er win the prize it - self? O tell me, tell me, Yes! A - men.



Bernard of Cluny, 1145.

Copyrighted, 1894, by Samuel A. Baldwin,

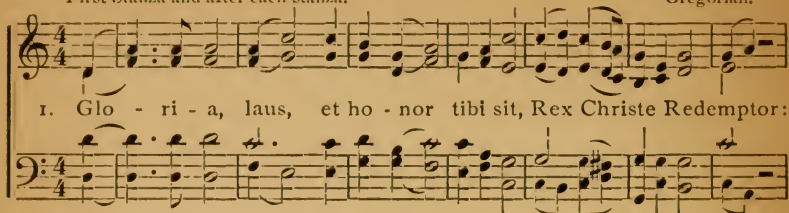
# HYMNS FOR PROCESSIONS.

## 114.

### GLORIA, LAUS, ET HONOR.

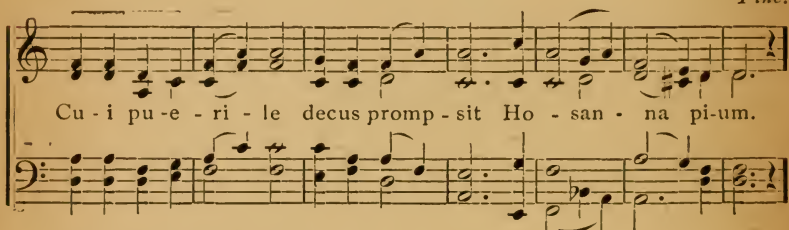
First Stanza and after each stanza.

Gregorian.



1. Glo - ri - a, laus, et ho - nor tibi sit, Rex Christe Redemptor:

*Fine.*



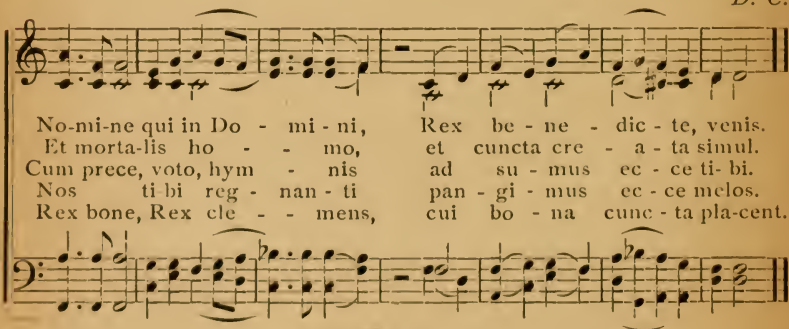
Cu - i pu - e - ri - le decus promp - sit Ho - san - na pi - um.

Second and following Stanzas.



2. Is - ra - el es tu Rex, Da - vi - dis et in - cly - ta proles:  
 3. Cœtus in ex - cel - sis te lau - dat cœ - li - cus omnis;  
 4. Plebs He - bræ - su - a ti - bi cum palmis ob - vi - a ve - nit:  
 5. Hi tibi pas - su - ro sol - ve - bant mu - ni - a lau - dis:  
 6. Hi placu - e - re tibi, pla - ce - at de - vo - ti - o nostra:

*D. C.*



No - mi - ne qui in Do - mi - ni, Rex be - ne - dic - te, venis.  
 Et mortu - lis ho - - mo, et cuncta cre - a - ta simul.  
 Cum prece, voto, hym - nis ad su - mus ec - ce ti - bi.  
 Nos ti bi reg - nan - ti pan - gi - mus ec - ce melos.  
 Rex bone, Rex cle - - mens, cui bo - na cunc - ta pla - cent.

(English words, no. 16.)



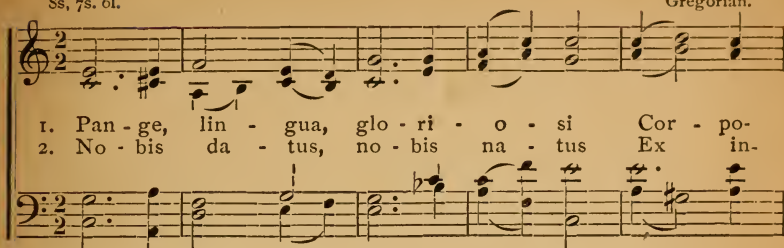
# HYMNS FOR PROCESSIONS.

## 115.

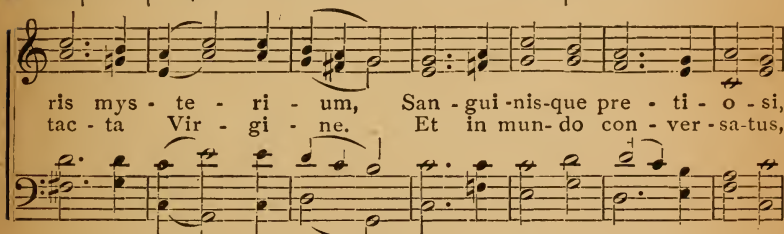
### PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI.

Ss, 7s. 6l.

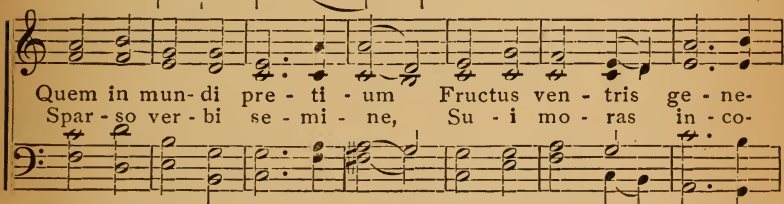
Gregorian.



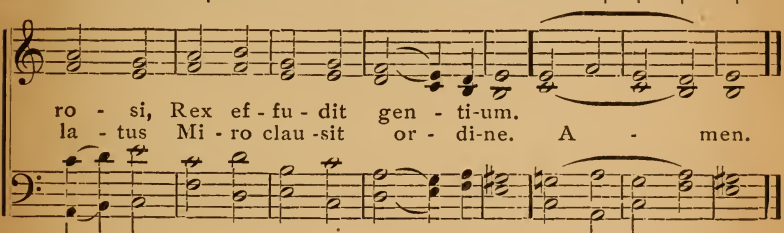
1. Pan - ge, lin - gua, glo - ri - o - si Cor - po -  
2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus Ex in -



ris mys - te - ri - um, San - gui - nis - que pre - ti - o - si,  
tac - ta Vir - gi - ne. Et in mun - do con - ver - sa - tus,



Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um Fructus ven - tris ge - ne -  
Spar - so ver - bi se - mi - ne, Su - i mo - ras in - co -



ro - si, Rex ef - fu - dit gen - ti - um.  
la - tus Mi - ro clau - sit or - di - ne. A - men.

3. In supremæ nocte cœnæ  
Recumbens cum fratribus,  
Observata lege plene,  
Cibis in legalibus,  
Cibum turbæ duodenæ  
Sedat suis manibus.
4. Verbum caro, panem verum  
Verbo carnem efficit:  
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,  
Et si sensus deficit,  
Ad firmandum cor sincerum  
Sola findes sufficit.

5. Tantum ergo, Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui,  
Et antiquum documentum,  
Novo cedat ritui,  
Præstet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui.
6. Genitori, Genitoque  
Laus et jubilatio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedictio,  
Procedenti abutroque  
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

V. Panem de cælo præstitisti eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

(English words no. 33.)

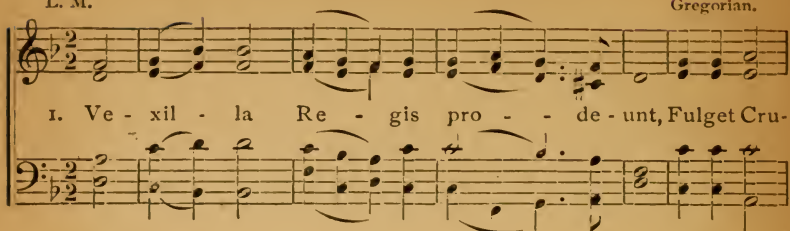
# HYMNS FOR PROCESSIONS.

## 116.

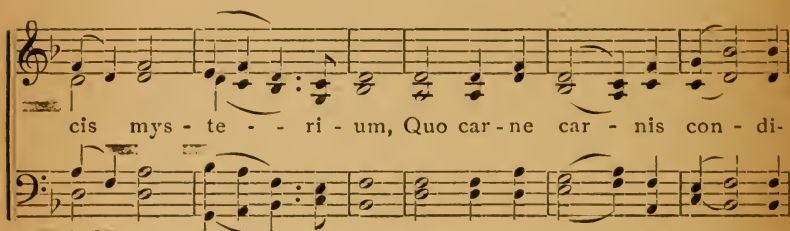
### VENILLA REGIS PRODEUNT.

L. M.

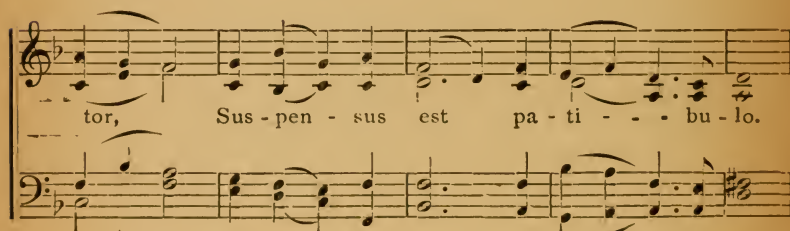
Gregorian.



1. Ve - xil - la Re - gis pro - - de - unt, Fulget Cru-



cis mys - te - - ri - um, Quo car - ne car - nis con - di-



tor, Sus - pen - sus est pa - ti - - - bu - lo.

2. Quae vulnerata lancæ  
Mucrone diro, criminum  
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,  
Manavit unda et sanguine.

3. Impleta sunt, quæ concinit  
David fideli carmine,  
Dicendo nationibus:  
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

4. Arbo decora, et fulgida,  
Ornata Regis purpura,  
Electa digno stipite,  
Tam sancta membra tangere.

5. Beata, cujus brachiis  
Pretium pendit sæculi,  
Statera facta corporis,  
Tulitque prædam tartari.

6. O Crux, ave, spes unica,  
Hoc Passionis tempore  
Piis adauge gratiam,  
Reisque dele crimine.

7. Te fons salutis, Trinitas,  
Collandet omnis spiritus;  
Quibus Crucis victoriam  
Largiris, adde præmium.

V. Eripe me, Domine, ab homine malo.

R. A viro iniquo, eripe me.

(English words, no. 17.)

# LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

117.

Old French Melody.

Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son, Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son,  
 Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son, Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son,  
 Pa-ter de coe - lis De - us, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.  
 Spi-ri - tus Sancte De - us, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.

Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a,	Sanc - ta De - i Gen - i trix,
Ma - ter Chri - sti,	Ma - ter di - vi - nae gra - ti - ae,
Ma - ter cas - tis - si - ma,	Ma - ter in - vio - la - ta,
Ma - ter a - ma - bi - lis,	Ma - ter ad - mi - ra - bi - lis,
Ma - ter Sal - va - to - ris,	Ma - ter vir - go - tis - si - ma,
Vir - go pra - di - can - da,	Vir - go po - tens.
Vir - go fi - de - lis,	Spec - u - lum jus - ti - ti - ae,
Cau - sa nos - trae lae - ti - ti - ae,	Vas spi - ri - tu - a - le,
Vas in - sig - ne de - vo - tio - nis,	Ro - so Mys - ti - ca,
Tur - ris e - bur - ne - a,	Do - mus au - re - a,
Ja - nu - a Coe - li,	Stel - la ma - tu - ti - na,
Re - fu - gi - um pec - ca - torum,	Con - so - la - trix af - flic - torum,
Re - gi - na An - ge - lorum,	Re - gi - na Pa - triarch - a - rum,
Re - gi - na A - pos - to - lorum,	Re - gi - na Mar - ty - rum,
Re - gi - na Vir - gi - num,	O - ra pro no - bis,
Regina sine labe origi - na - li con - cep - ta,	O - ra pro no - bis,
A - gnus De - i,	A - gnus De - i,
A - gnus De - i,	A - gnus De - i,
A - gnus De - i,	A - gnus De - i,
Chri - ste Au - di nos,	Chri - ste ex - au - di nos,

Chris - ste e - le - i - son, Chri - ste e - le - i - son.  
 Chris - ste au - di nos, Chri - ste ex - au - di nos.  
 Fili Re - demp - tor mun - di Deus, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.  
 Sanc - ta Trin - i - tas unus Deus, Mi - se - re - re no - bis.

Sanc - ta	Vir - go	Vir - gi - num,	} O - ra pro no - bis.
Ma - ter in - tem - e - ra - ta,	ter pu - ris - si - ma,		
Ma - ter Cre - a - to - ris,	ven - e - ran - da,		
Vir - go - go - cle - mens,			
Se - des sa - pi - en - ti - ae,			
Vas ho - no - ra - bi - le,			
Tur - ris Da - vi - di - ca,			
Fœ - de - ris ar - ca,			
Sa - lus in - fir - mo - rum,			
Aux - i - lium Chri - sti - a - no - rum,			
Re - gi - na Pro - phe - ta - rum,			} Parce no - bis Do - mi - ne.
Re - gi - na Con - fes - sionum,			
Re - gi - na Sanc - to - rum,			
Regina Sacratissi - mi Ro - sa - ri - i,			
Qui tol - lis pec - ca - ta mundi,			} Exau - di nos Do - mi - ne.
Qui tol - lis pec - ca - ta mundi,			
Qui tol - lis pec - ca - ta mundi,			
Chri - ste au - di nos,			
			} Mi - se - re - re no - bis.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.  
 R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

# VESPERS FOR SUNDAYS.

## 118.

P.—Deus in adiutorium meum intende.

Domine, ad adjuvandum..... me fes- ti - na.  
 Gloria Patri et Filio.... et ..... Spiritu-i Sanc-to:  
 Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum A-men.

*During Lent instead of Alleluia, sing—*

Al - le - lu - la. Laus ti - bi Dom-i- ne, Rex æternæ gloriæ.

### DIXIT DOMINUS. Psalm CIX.

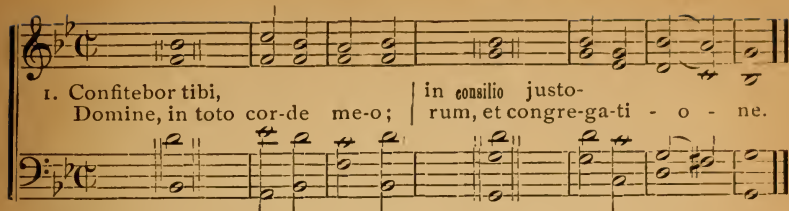
1. Dixit Dominus Domino me - o: Sede a dex-tris me - is.

- |  |
|--|
| 2. Donec ponam ini-mi-cos tu-os* 6. Dominus a dex-tris tu-is,* confre-                     |
| scabellum pe-dum tu-o-rum. git in die i-ræ su-æ re-ges.                                    |
| 3. Virgam virtutis tuæ V emittet 7. Judicabit in nationibus, V im-ple-                     |
| Dominus ex Si-on:* dominare bit ru-i-nas,* conquassabit capi-                              |
| in medio inimi-co-rum tu-o-rum. ta in ter-ram ul-to-rum.                                   |
| 4. Tecum principium in die virtutis 8. De torrente in vi-a bi-bet,* prop-                  |
| tuæ V in splendori-bus sanc-to- terea exal-ta-bit ca-put.                                  |
| rum:* ex utero ante lu-ci-ferum 9. Gloria. Pa-tri et Fi-li-o* et Spi-ri-                   |
| ge-nui te. tui Sanc-to.  |
| 5. Juravit Dominus, et non pœni-te- 10 Sicut erat in principio V et nunc                   |
| bit e-um:* Tu es Sacerdos in æternum V secundum or-di-nem et sem-per* et in sæ-cula sæ-cu- |
| Mel-chi-sedech. lo-rum. A-men.   |



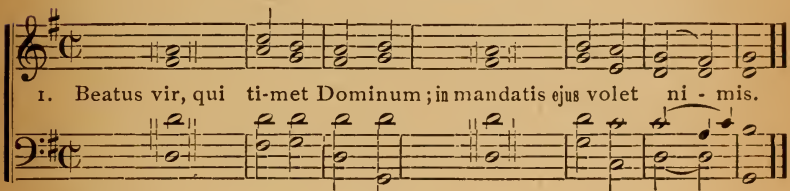
# VESPER.

## CONFITEBOR. Psalm CX.



1. Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto cor-de me-o; | in consilio justo-rum, et congre-ga-ti - o - ne.
2. Magna o-pe-ra Do-mi-ni;\* exquisita in omnes vo-lun-ta-tes e-jus.
3. Confessio et magnificentia opus e-jus,\* et justitia ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi.
4. Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum √ misericors et mise-ra-tor Do-minus:\* escam de-dit ti-men-ti-bus se.
5. Memor erit in sæ-culum testa-men-ti-su-i,\* virtutem operum suorum √ annuntia-bit po-pulo su-o.
6. Ut det illis hæredi-ta-tem gen-tium:\* opera manuum ejus veri-tas et ju-di-cium.
7. Fidelia omnia mandata ejus √ confirmata in sæ-culum sæ-culi,\* fac-ta in veritate et æ-qui-tate.
8. Redemptionem misit po-pulo suo,\* mandavit in æterum √ tes-ta-men-tum su-um.
9. Sanctum et terribile no-men e-jus:\* initium sapienti-æ ti-mor Do-mini.
10. Intellectus bonus omnibus faci-en-tibus e-um.\* laudatio ejus ma-net in sæ-culum sæ-culi.
11. Gloria Patri et Filio\* et Spiritu-i Sancto.
12. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper\* et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. Amen.

## BEATUS VIR. Psalm CXI.



1. Beatus vir, qui ti-met Dominum; in mandatis ejus volet ni - mis.
2. Potens in terra erit se-men e-jus,\* generatio rectorum be-ne-di-ce-tur.
3. Gloria et divitiæ in do-mo e-jus,\* et justitia ejus manet in sæ-cu-lum sæ-culi.
4. Exortum est in tenebris lu-men rec-tis;\* misericors, et mise-ra-tor, et jus-tus.
5. Jucundus homo, qui miseretur et commodat; √ disponet sermones suos in ju-di-cio,\* quia in æter-num non com-mo-ve-bitur.
6. In memoria æterna e-rit jus-tus,\* ab auditione ma-la non ti-me-bit.
7. Paratum cor ejus sperare in Do-mino; √ confirmatum est cor e-jus,\* non commovebitur, √ donec despiciat i-ni-mi-cos su-os.
8. Dispersit, dedit pauperibus; √ justitia ejus manet in sæ-culum sæ-culi,\* cornu ejus exal-ta-bitur in gloria.
6. Peccator videbit, et irasce-tua, √ dentibus suis fremet, et ta-bes-cet,\* desiderium pec-ca-to-rum pe-ri-bit.
10. Gloria Patri et Filio\* et Spiritu-i Sancto.
11. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper √ et in sæcula sæcu-lorum. Amen.

LAUDATE PUERI. CXVII.

1. Laudate, pueri... Do-mi-num: Laudate no - men Do-mi-ni.

2. Sit nomen Domini be-ne-dic-tum,\*  
ex hoc nunc, et us-que in sæ-cu-lum.
3. A solis ortu usque ad oc-ca-sum,\*  
laudabile no-men Do-mini.
4. Excelsus super omnes gen-tes Do-minus,\*et super cœ-lo-s glo-ri-a ejus.
5. Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, ¶  
qui in al-tis ha-bitat,\*et humilia respicit in cœ-lo et in terra?
6. Suscitans a ter-ra i-no-pem,\*et de stercore e-rigens pau-perem.
7. Ut collocet eum cum prin-ci-pibus,\*  
cum principi-bus po-pu-li su-i.
8. Qui habitare facit steri-lem in domo;  
¶ matrem fili-o-rum læ-tan-tem.
9. Gloria Patri, et Fi-li-o,\*et Spi-ri-tui Sancto.
10. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper,\*et in sæ-cula sæ-cu-lorum. Amen.

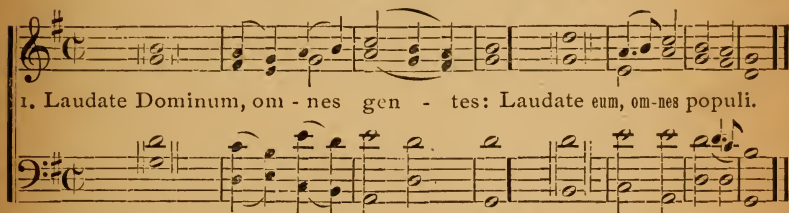
i. In exitu Israel de E - gyp - to; domus Jacob de popu-lo bar-ba-ro.

2. Facta est Judæa sanctifi-*ca-tio e-jus,\**  
Israel po-*tes-tas e-jus.*
3. Mare vi-*dit, et fu-git.\** Jordanis con-  
versus est *re-tror-sum.*
4. Montes exultaverunt *ut a-ri-ctes,\** et  
colles si-cut *a-gni o-vium.*
5. Quid est tibi, mare, *quod fu-gis-ti?\**  
et tu, Jordanis, quia con-ver-sus es  
*re-tror-sum.*
6. Montes, exultastis si-cut *a-ri-ctes?*  
*\* et colles, si-cut a-gni ovium?*
7. A facie Domini mo-*ta est terra,\** a  
faci-e *De-i Jacob.*
8. Qui convertit petram in sta-*gna a-qua-rum,\** et rupem in fon-*tes a-qua-rum.*
9. Non nobis, Domi-*ne, non nobis,\** sed  
nomini *tu-o da gloriam.*
10. Super misericordia tua et veri-*ta-te*  
*tu-a,\** nequando di-cant gentes: ¶  
Ubi est De-us *e-o-rum?*
11. Deus autem nos-*ter in cæ-lo,\** omnia
12. Simulacra gentium argen-*tum et*  
*aurum,\** opera ma-nu-um ho-minum.
13. Os habent, et non lo-*quen-tur.\**  
oculos habent, et non vi-de-bunt.
14. Aures habent, et non au-*diunt,\**  
nares habent, et non o-do-ra-bunt.
15. Manus habent, et non palpa-*bunt;*  
¶ pedes habent, et non ambu-*la-*  
*bunt,\** non clamabunt in gut-*tu-re*  
*su-o.*
16. Similes illis fiant qui *fa-ciunt e-a,\**  
et omnes qui con-fi-*dunt in e-is.*
17. Domus Israel spera-*vit in Do-mi-no;*  
adju-tor eorum et protec-tor *e-o-*  
*rum est.*
18. Domus Aaron spera-*vit in Do-mi-no;*  
*\* adju-tor eorum et protec-tor e-o-*  
*rum est.*
19. Qui timent Dominum, spera-*ve-*  
*runt in Do-mi-no,\** adju-tor eorum  
et protec-tor *e-o-rum est.*

# VESPER.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 20. Dominus memor <i>fu-it nos-tri,*</i> et bene-di-xit no-bis.                         | 25. Cælum cæli <i>Do-mi-no,*</i> terram autem dedit <i>fili-is ho-minum.</i>                    |
| 21. Benedixit <i>do-mui Is-ra-el,*</i> benedixit <i>do-mui A-a-rou.</i>                 | 26. Non mortui lauda-bunt te, <i>Do-mi-ne,*</i> neque omnes qui descen-dunt in in-fer-num.      |
| 22. Benedixit omnibus qui <i>ti-ment Do-mi-num,*</i> pusilles cum ma-jo-ri-bus.         | 27. Sed nos qui vivimus, bene-dicimus <i>Domi-no,*</i> ex hoc nunc, et usque in sæ-culum.       |
| 23. Adjiciat <i>Domi-nus su-per vos,*</i> super vos, et super <i>fi-li-os ves-tros.</i> | 28. Gloria <i>Patri et Filio,*</i> et <i>Spiri-tui Sancto.</i>                                  |
| 24. Benedicti <i>vos a Do-mi-no,*</i> qui fecit cæ-lum et ter-ram.                      | 29. Sicut erat in principio et <i>nunc et sem-per,*</i> et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. <i>A-men.</i> |

## LAUDATE DOMINUM. Psalm CXVI.



1. Laudate Dominum, om - nes gen - tes: Laudate eum, om-nes populi.

2. Quoniam confirmata est super nos *miseri-cor-dia ejus:* et veritas Domini manet in æ-ter-num.

*Sancto.*

3. Gloria *Patri et Filio,\** et *Spiri-tui-*

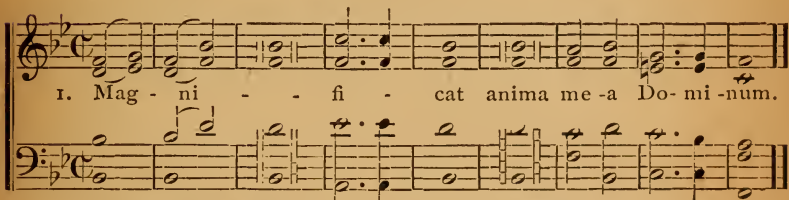
4. Sicut erat in principio, et *nunc et sem-per,\** et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. *A-men.*

*The priest reads a chapter.*

*Response, DEO GRATIAS.*

*Here follows an ANTHEM or HYMN.*

## MAGNIFICAT.



1. Mag - ni - - fi - cat anima me-a Do-mi-num.

2. Et exultavit spiritus meus; in Deo salu-tari meo.

*tavit humiles.*

3. Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ; ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent ¶ omnes generationes.

8. Esurientes implevit bonis; et divites dimi-sit inanes.

4. Quia fecit mihi magna qui po-tens est; et sanctum nomen ejus.

9. Suscepit Israel puerum suum; recordatus *miseri-cordiæ suæ.*

5. Et misericordia ejus a progenie in pro-genies; timen-tibus enim.

10. Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros; Abraham et semini *ejus in sæ-cula.*

6. Fecit potentiam in branchio suo; dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

11. Gloria *Patri et Filio;* et *Spiri-tui Sancto.*

7. Deposuit potentes de sede; et exal-

12. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et *sem-per;* et in sæcula sæcu-lo-rum. *A-men.*

# VESPER HYMNS.

119.

LUCIS CREATOR.

L. M.

Gregorian.

i. Lu - cis Cre - a - tor op - ti - nie, Lu - cem di -  
e - rum pro - fe - rens, Pri - mor - di - is lu - cis no -  
væ, Mun - di pa - rans o - ri gi - nem. (A - men.)

2. Qui mane junctum vesperi,  
Diem vocari præcipis:  
Illabitur tetrum chaos,  
Audi preces cum fletibus.

3. Nemens gravata crimine,  
Vitæ sit exul munere,  
Dum nil perenne cogitat,  
Seseque culpis illigat.

4. Cœleste pulset ostium,  
Vitale tollat præmium:  
Vitemus omne noxium:  
Purgemus omne pessimum.

5. Præsta, Pater piissime,  
Patrique compar Unice,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,  
Regnans per omne sæculum. Amen.

V. Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea.  
R. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

*Second Tune.*



# VESPER HYMNS.

(Use tunes on opposite page.)

## 120.

### IN ADVENT.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Creator alme siderum,<br/>Æterna lux credentium,<br/>Jesu Redemptor Omnium,<br/>Intende votis supplicum.</p> <p>2. Qui demonis ne fraudibus<br/>Periret orbis impetu,<br/>Amoris actus, languidi<br/>Mundi medela factus es.</p> <p>3. Commune qui mundi nefas,<br/>Ut expiare, ad crucem<br/>E Virginis sacrario<br/>Intactu prodixit Victimam.</p> <p>4. Cujus potestas gloriæ,<br/>Nomenque cum primum sonat,</p> | <p>Et cœlites et inferi<br/>Tremante curvantur genu.</p> <p>5. Te deprecamur, ultimæ<br/>Magnum diei Judicem:<br/>Armis supernæ gratiæ,<br/>Defende nos ab hostibus.</p> <p>6. Virtus, honor, laus, gloria<br/>Deo Patri cum Filio,<br/>Sancto simul Paraclito,<br/>In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.<br/>(English words, no. 2.)</p> <p>V. Rorate cœli desuper et nubes pluant justum,<br/>R. Aperiatur terra, et germinet Salvatorem.</p> |
|--|--|

## 121.

### IN LENT.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Audi, benigne Conditor,<br/>Nostras preces cum fletibus,<br/>In hoc sacro jejuniis<br/>Fusas quara genario.</p> <p>2. Scrutator alme cordium,<br/>Infirmatu scis virium:<br/>Ad te reversis exhibe<br/>Remissionis gratiam.</p> <p>3. Multum quidem peccavimus,<br/>Sed parce confidentibus:<br/>Ad nominis laudem tui,</p> | <p>Confer medelam languidis.</p> <p>4. Concede nostrum conteri<br/>Corpus per abstinentiam,<br/>Culpæ ut relinquat pabulum<br/>Jejuna corde criminum.</p> <p>5. Præsta, beata Trinitas,<br/>Concede, simplex Unitas:<br/>Ut fructuosa sint tuis<br/>Jeiuniorum munera. Amen.</p> <p>V. Angelis suis Deus mandavit de te.<br/>R. Ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.</p> |
|---|--|

## 122.

### EASTER TIME.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Ad regias agni dapes,<br/>Stolis amicti candidis,<br/>Post transitum maris Rubri,<br/>Christo canamus principi:</p> <p>2. Divina cujus charitas<br/>Sacrum propinat sanguinem,<br/>Almique membra corporis<br/>Amor sacerdos immolat.</p> <p>3. Sparsum cruorem postibus,<br/>Vastato horret Angelus;<br/>Fugitque divisum mare,<br/>Merguntur hostes fluctibus.</p> <p>4. Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,<br/>Paschalis idem victima,<br/>Et pura puris mentibus<br/>Sinceritatis azyma.</p> <p>5. O vera cœli Victima,</p> | <p>Subjecta cui sunt tartara,<br/>Soluta mortis vincula,<br/>Recepta vitæ præmia!</p> <p>6. Victor, subactis inferis,<br/>Trophæa Christus explicat,<br/>Cœloque aperto, subditum<br/>Regem tenebrarum trahit.</p> <p>7. Ut sis perenne mentibus<br/>Paschale, Jesu, gaudium,<br/>A morte dira criminum<br/>Vitæ renatos libera.</p> <p>8. Deo Patri sit gloria,<br/>Et Filio, qui a mortuis<br/>Surrexit, ac Paraclito,<br/>In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.</p> <p>V. Mane nobiscum Domine. Alleluia.<br/>R. Quoniam advesperascit. Alleluia.</p> |
|---|--|

## 123.

### AT PENTECOST.

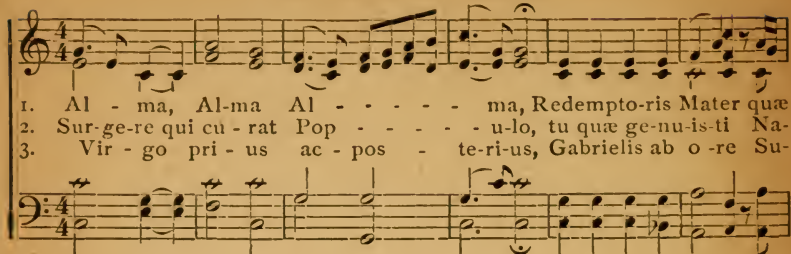
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Veni Creator Spiritus,<br/>Mentes tuorum visita,<br/>Imple superna gratia<br/>Quæ tu creasti pectora.</p> <p>2. Qui diceris Paraclitus,<br/>Altissimi donum Dei,<br/>Fons vivus ignis charitas<br/>Et spiritalis unctio.</p> <p>3. Tu septiformis munere,<br/>Digitus Paternæ dextæræ,<br/>Tu rite promissum Patris<br/>Sermone ditans guttura.</p> <p>4. Accende lumen sensibus,<br/>Infunde amorem cordibus,</p> | <p>Infirma nostri corporis<br/>Virtute firmans perpeti.</p> <p>5. Hostem repellas longius,<br/>Pacem que dones protinus;<br/>Ductore sic te prævio,<br/>Vitemus omne noxium.</p> <p>6. Per te sciamus da Patrem,<br/>Noscamus atque Filium,<br/>Te que utriusque Spiritum<br/>Credamus omni tempore.</p> <p>7. Deo Patri sit gloria,<br/>Ejusque soli Filio,<br/>Cum Spiritu Paraclito,<br/>Nunc et per omne sæculum. Amen.<br/>(English words, no. 2S.)</p> |
|--|--|

# ANTIPIHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

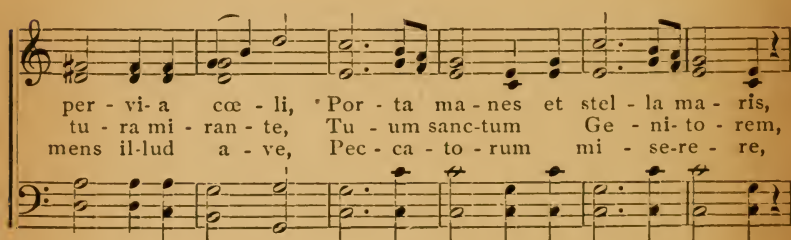
## 124.

### ALMA REDEMPTORIS.

(From Advent till the Purification.)



1. Al - ma, Al-ma Al - - - - ma, Redempto-ris Mater quæ  
 2. Sur-ge-re qui cu - rat Pop - - - - u-lo, tu quæ ge-nu-is-ti Na-  
 3. Vir - go pri - us ac - pos - te-ri-us, Gabrielis ab o-re Su-



per - vi - a cœ - li, Por - ta ma - nes et stel - la ma - ris,  
 tu - ra mi - ran - te, Tu - um sanc - tum Ge - ni - to - rem,  
 mens il-lud a - ve, Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - re - re,



suc - cu - re ca - den - ti. Por - ta ma - nes et  
 tu - um sanc - tum Geni - torem. Tu - um sanc - tum  
 Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - rere. Pec - ca - to - rum



stel - la ma - ris, suc - cur - re ca - den - ti.  
 Ge - ni - to - rem, tu - um sanc - tum Ge - ni - torem.  
 mi - se - re - re, Pec - ca - to - rum mi - se - rere.

(In Advent.)

V. Angelus Domine nuntiavit Mariæ.  
 R. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

(From Christmas to the Purification.)

V. Post partum Virgo inviolata permansisti.  
 R. Dei Genitrix intercede pro nobis.

# ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

## 125.

### AVE REGINA CÆLORUM.

(From the Purification till Easter.)

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. A - ve, A - ve, Re - gi - na cæ - lo - rum!  
 2. Gau - de, Vir - go, glo - ri o - sa,

A - ve, Do - mi - na An - ge - lo - rum!  
 Su - per om - nes spe - ci - o - sa;

Sal - ve ra - dix, sal - ve por - ta,  
 Va - le, o - val - de de - cor - ra,

Ex qua mun - do lux est or - ta.  
 Et pro no - bis Christum ex - o - ra.

V. Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata.  
 R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

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# ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

## 126.

### REGINA COELI.

(From Easter till Trinity Eve.).

Samuel A. Baldwin.

1. Re - gi - na cœ - li læ - ta - re. }  
 2. Quia quem me - ru - is - ti por - ta - re. } Al - le-  
 3. Re-sur-rex - it si - - cut dix - it. }

lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

4. O - ra pro no - bis De - um. Al - le-

lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le lu - - ia.

V. Gaude et letare, Virgo Maria, Alleluia.  
 R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere, Alleluia.

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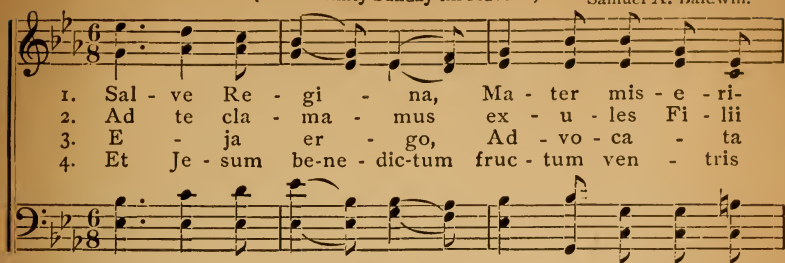
# ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

## 127.

### *SALVE REGINA*

(From Trinity Sunday till Advent.)

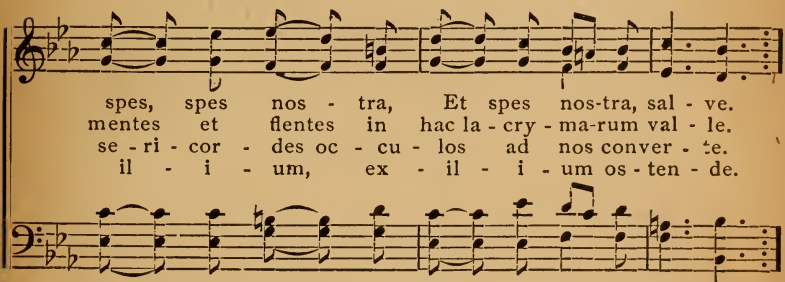
Samuel A. Baldwin.



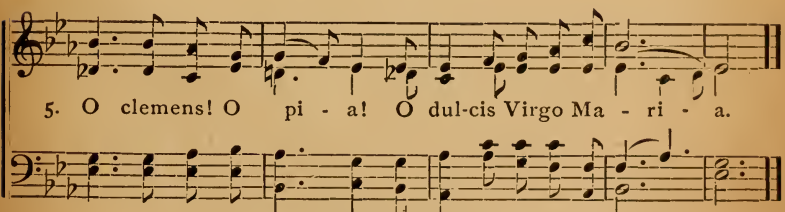
1. Sal - ve Re - gi - na, Ma - ter mis - e - ri -  
 2. Ad te cla - ma - mus ex - u - les Fi - lii  
 3. E - ja er - go, Ad - vo - ca - ta  
 4. Et Je - sum be - ne - dic - tum fruc - tum ven - tris



cor - di - æ. Vi - ta, dul - ce - do, Et  
 E - væ; Ad te sus - pi - ra - mus, Ge -  
 nos - tra! Il - los tu - os Mi -  
 tu - i, No - bis post hoc Ex -



spes, spes nos - tra, Et spes nos - tra, sal - ve.  
 mentes et flentes in hac la - cry - ma - rum val - le.  
 se - ri - cor - des oc - cu - los ad nos conver - te.  
 il - i - um, ex - il - i - um os - ten - de.



5. O clemens! O pi - a! O dul - cis Virgo Ma - ri - a.

V. Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei Genitrix.  
 R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

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# BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

128.

*O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.*

L. M.

Gregorian.

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Hos - ti - a! Quæ cœ - li  
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no, Sit sem - i -

pan - dis os - ti - um, Bel - la præ - munt hos - ti - li -  
ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi - tam, si - ne ter - mi -

a, Da ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um.  
no, No - bis do - net in Pa - tri - a. A - men.

1. O saving Victim! opening wide  
The gate of Heaven to man below;  
Our foes press on from every side,  
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.
2. To Thy great Name be endless praise,  
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!  
O grant us endless length of days  
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

# BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

129.

TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM.

8s, 7s. 6l.

Gregorian.

1. Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum, Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu -  
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que, Laus et ju - bi - la - ti -

i: Et an - ti - quum doc - u - men - tum, Novo ce - dat  
o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que, Sit et be - ne -

ri - tu - i: Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum  
dic - ti - o: Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que,

Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i.  
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Lowly bending, deep adoring,<br>Lo! the Sacrament we hail;<br>Types and shadows have their ending,<br>Newer rites of grace prevail;<br>Faith for all defects supplying<br>Where the feeble senses fail. | 2. Glory, honor, might, dominion.<br>Be unto our God most high;<br>To the Father, Son, and Spirit,<br>Ever blessed Trinity,<br>Praise be given, and power eternal,<br>Unto all eternity. Amen. |
|--|--|

# BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

V. Panem de cælo præstitisti eis.  
R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

V. Thou hast given them bread from heaven.  
R. Full of all sweetness and delight.

*Alleluia is added during Paschal Time and the Octave of Corpus Christi.*

*Oremus.*

*Let us pray.*

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili, Passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti: tribue, quæsumus, ita nos Corporis et Sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

O God, Who has left us in this wonderful Sacrament a perpetual memorial of Thy Passion: Grant us, we beseech Thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may continually find in our souls the fruit of Thy redemption; Thou Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

## I 30.

### LAUDATE DOMINUM.

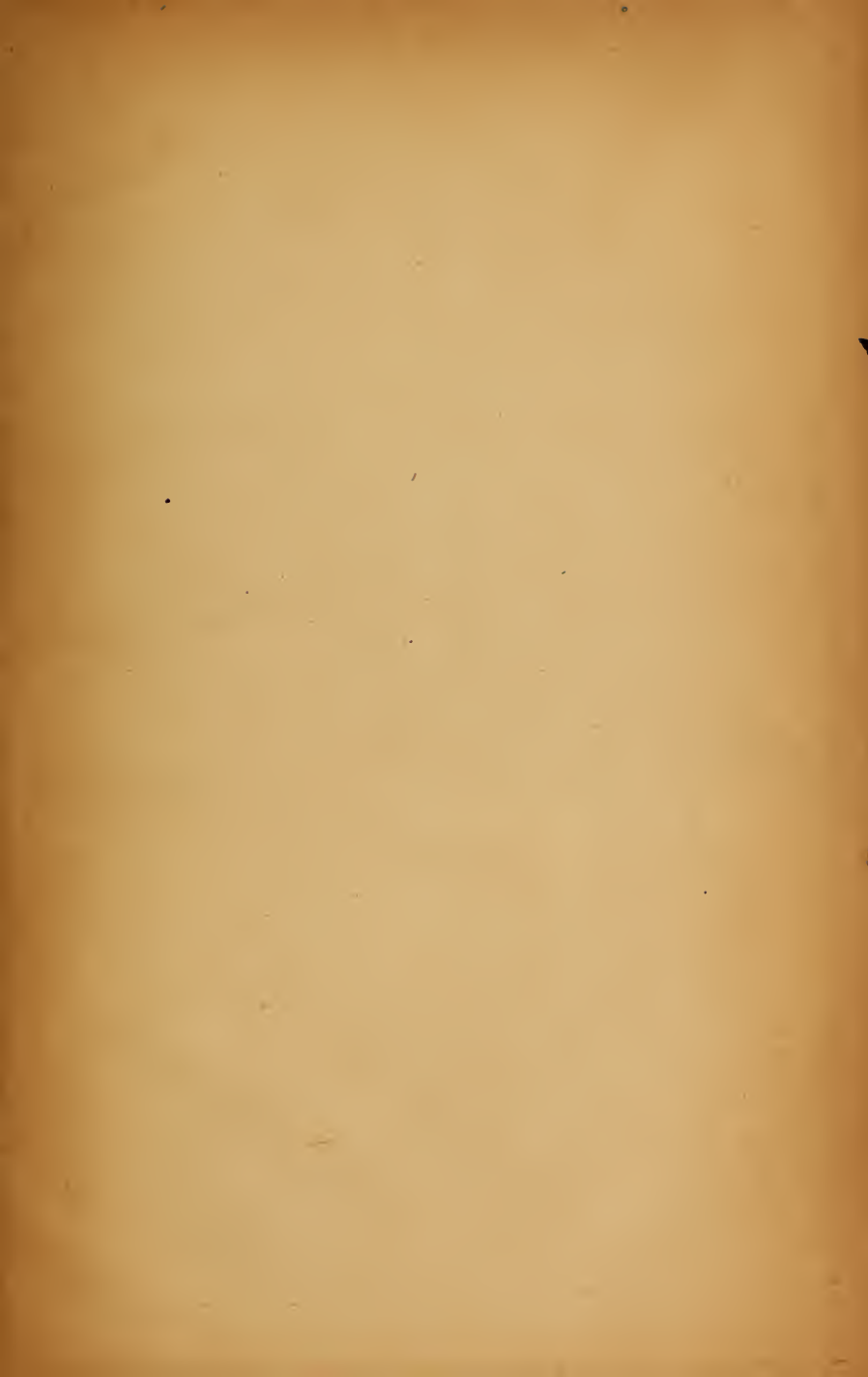
1.	Laudate Dominum	om - nes	gen - tes:
2.	Quoniam confirmata	cor - dia	e - jus
3.	Gloria.....	Patri et	Fi - lio,
4.	Sicut erat in principio et	nunc et	sem - per,

1.	O praise the Lord,	all ye	na - tions:
2.	For His mercy is con-	firmed up-	on us:
3.	Glory be to the Father	and to	the Son:
4.	As it was in the beginning, is now, and	ev - er	shall be:

Laudate eum.....	om - nes	po - pu -	li.
et veritas Domini manet	in æ -	ter -	num.
et Spiri -	tu - i	Sanc -	to.
et in sæcula sæcu -	lo - rum.	Λ -	men.

praise Him	all.....ye....	peo -	ple.
and the truth of the Lord re-	maineth for	ev -	er.
and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;
world	with - out	end. Λ -	men.







Reilly  
after 1907  
note

